

THE FOUR IN CRETE



GERTRUDE H. BEGGS

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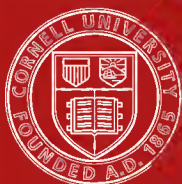
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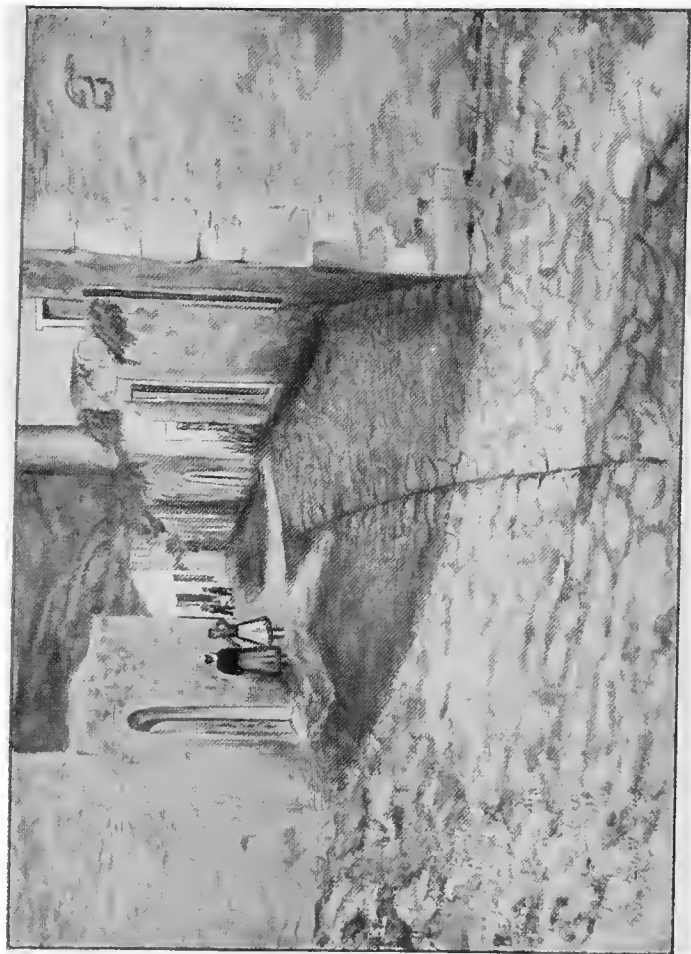
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THE FOUR IN CRETE



MAP OF CRETE

- | | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Candia | 4. Platyperamas River | 7. Hagii Deka | 10. Phastos. |
| 2. Knossos | 5. Mount Ida | 8. Gortyna | 11. Hagia Triada |
| 3. Mount Juktas | 6. Hagia Varvara | 9. Lethæos River | 12. Vori |



A VILLAGE IN CRETE

THE FOUR IN CRETE

BY
GERTRUDE H. BEGGS

WITH FRONTISPIECE AND DRAWINGS
BY
LOUISE FOUCAR MARSHALL



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**DEDICATED
TO MY PARENTS,**

ILLUSTRATIONS

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PART ONE

PART ONE

I

HAD they not believed in the Scholar's lucky star, the Four would never have sailed for the shores of Crete. They had been literally "scared off" by the reports of friends who had made the trip and had brought back haggard faces and weary muscles for recuperation in Athens. Two young men had lost their way on the journey across the island and had walked forty miles one day without food or water. On their homeward voyage a terrific storm had prolonged the short sea trip of sixteen hours to more than twice that time and had left them spent and miserable. "O," groaned one as he was telling the story, "I've been seasick before, but just wait till you try it in one of those little Greek steamers! And," he added as an afterthought, "if you want to ride horseback in Crete—*don't!* They have real horses there and they always trot! *Very*

painful!" And he groaned again. Three American men who had taken their wives with them from Athens corroborated his pathetic testimony. They had made the three days' horseback trip from Candia to Hagia Triada and return, and told of one "terrific day" with "fourteen long hours in the saddle," "a blood-curdling descent of four hours," and for night quarters only one room where the six had laid their aching bodies on the floor and through the weary hours maintained a losing fight with the ever-vigilant fleas.

It was this cumulative evidence which influenced the Four to relegate Crete to the realm of the unknowable and to substitute for gleanings in new fields a calm aftermath of their long season in Athens. But their calculations had overlooked a dynamical factor which more than once had reversed well-made plans and had sometimes contributed the spice of danger to their never tame adventures. This was the curiosity of the Scholar—the lure which the unknown had always had for him,

since as a small boy he had once faced an intangible terror in his first real voyage of intellectual discovery. He had been told that anyone who went to sleep in the position of a corpse—that is, lying on the back with hands folded on the breast—would die before morning. Long he pondered and wondered if it were true, yet was afraid to risk the trial. But finally his overmastering curiosity—the passion to *find out*—became so strong that one night the little fellow composed his limbs in the proper position and with palpitating heart lay in his little bed, half skeptical, half expectant. Then—he awoke to find the sun shining in his face, and he *knew it wasn't true!* He had disproved it and the lust of the investigator was gratified!

This first taste of the triumph of discovery had created in the Scholar an insatiable appetite which no intellectual Keely Cure had been able to destroy. It was as if the mystery of the remote and unknown possessed for him a siren enchantment ever luring him to some *terra*

ignota. An interesting trait, to be sure, and one which his three friends had encountered on previous occasions, but his change of heart on the Cretan matter was communicated so suddenly that it rather disconcerted them. Without warning or consultation he merely appeared one day and announced that he would sail for Crete the next afternoon and could make arrangements for the whole party if the others would but meet him on the dock. There was a hesitant silence, then, "Well, my boy," said the Sage, "I'll go where you go."

"And you *can't* drink Turkish coffee," said the Coffee Angel.

"Who's afraid, anyway?" cried the Western Woman. "If we get into a tight place, the Scholar can pull us out. He always does!"

And so it was settled. Yet it was with rather a "never-desert-Mr.-Micawber" feeling that the three agreed to pack their knapsacks and start for the Piræus next day from the Monastiraki Station.

Promptly at two o'clock the next afternoon



ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS



HARBOR AT CANDIA

the Sage arrived and found the Coffee Angel and the Western Woman guarding their queer baggage.

"I guess," began the Western Woman, and the Sage laughed. He *always* laughed when she said, "I guess." "Well, then, I *think*," she began again, "that it's time for a train."

And just then the rumble of the electric was heard from underground, and they hastened down the steps to find places among the third-class passengers. Here, when the Sage began to crane his neck for glimpses of his beloved Acropolis, a kindly Greek at once gave him the seat next to the window whence he could gaze upon the dear old rock and Lykabettus standing nearly twice as high above the sea. The Coffee Angel looked from her window on the gray-green olive trees, regretting that soon she would be far from Attic groves; while to the Western Woman the azure sky and rose-hued hills seemed but delicate dream fantasies of the vivid hues and rugged shapes of her native Colorado.

In the midst of these musings the guard's cry of "Piræus" came as rather a shock, and then the Scholar appeared at the door saying, hurriedly, "Don't let this fellow behind me take your baggage." And they recognized the smiling face of the boatman who had embarked the party when they started to Chalkis. *Then* he had been abusive because they refused to be cheated by him; *now*, in true Greek fashion, he was letting bygones be bygones and with obsequious bows was proffering his most friendly services. And it was interesting to see his surprise and grief when the Scholar handed the baggage to another man and the Four headed toward the boat. The Anglo-Saxon habit of holding a grudge is to the true Greek inexplicable!

II

THE harbor, ever a busy place, was unusually animated that afternoon, with several men-of-war and many merchant vessels lying near the quays and numerous small craft ply-

ing busily among them. It was rather an exciting little race to the steamer, for it was already sailing time, and a warning whistle indicated that for once the Four had counted too confidently on the habitual tardiness of Greek vessels. But their little boat nosed its way bravely through the various obstructions and they had still a few minutes to lean over the rail of the steamer and observe the lively scene through which they had just passed. "*Et quorum pars magna fui*," cried the Scholar, who was rather addicted to hackneyed quotations. Then the shores of Piræus began slowly to recede as the vessel steamed out of the harbor between the two ancient moles and held in the direction of Salamis. As they passed Psyttaleia with its lighthouse silhouetted against the sky, the Four knew what to expect, for the sight of this low-lying island never failed to start the Scholar on a discussion of the famous battle and a description of its naval maneuvers as his vivid imagination pictured them. This time he had just arranged the

Persian fleet so as to inclose the Greeks to his satisfaction, had landed the flower of Xerxes' soldiers on Psyttaleia, there to meet a fate so contrary to their expectations, and was launching into the Æschylean description of the terrible disaster (Persians 447ff.)—

There is an isle that lies off Salamis,
Small, with bad anchorage for ships, where Pan,
Pan the dance-loving, haunts the sea-washed coast.
There Xerxes sends those men—

when, beyond the western end of the island, he suddenly spied the Salaminian promontory of Kynosoura pointing finger-like across the waters to Athens. Then the Scholar forgot his Greek and Persian fleets waiting in tense expectancy for the dawning of the morrow and, with a fine disregard for the anachronism, began to describe the migration of the Athenians when the oracle—or Themistocles's interpretation of it—led them to abandon their rocky citadel for divine Salamis.

“I can just see those old Athenians,” he said, “bidding farewell to their beloved Athens,

embracing the feeble and the aged, whom they must leave behind, and stopping to give a last pat to their domestic pets. And Xanthippus's dog, when he saw his master embarking, could not bear the separation but leaped into the sea and swam beside the trireme to Salamis, where he crawled out of the water only to lay himself down and gasp out his last breath. His burial mound is right on that tongue of land, and if you don't believe the story the name is proof positive, for Kynosoura means 'dog's tail' to this day. To be sure," he added judicially, "it proves just as positively that he swam across the Gulf of Marathon; but *I* think that was *another dog!*"

"He was a great old romancer, was Plutarch," laughed the Sage, "and I, for one, like to believe his stories. Even if they weren't true, they so easily *might* have been true."

"At any rate, he didn't make this one up out of whole cloth," replied the Scholar, "for Aristotle told it long before his day. A critical study of Plutarch's sources—"

But here the Western Woman, who cared not a whit for Plutarch's sources, drew the Coffee Angel away on a tour of inspection. She had noticed that they were now sailing south headed for the open sea, and it seemed expedient to learn the location of their state-room and to make provision for a speedy dis-robing, should that later prove desirable. They were back on deck in time to see the Scholar point out Cape Koliae on the Attic coast and to hear him tell how the wrecks of the Persian ships were dashed upon this shore, carried by the west wind from Salamis. And then they all settled down to a calm enjoyment of the beautiful coast views of Attica.

The steamer was one of the Goudes line and was palatial compared with the one which had taken the Four to Chalkis and with the one, alas! in which they were destined to return from Crete. It had a number of staterooms and actually a dining room with eatables to be had, so that the precaution of bringing lunch from Athens proved quite a needless one. But

it was pleasant to have a picnic supper on deck, and to watch the changing sunset tints and to catch the gleam of Sunium's snow-white columns as the purple twilight fell. That was the last happy moment of the day, for as the boat passed beyond the protection of Attica the swell of the open sea began to make itself felt and the passengers, one after another, left the deck.

III

THE Coffee Angel slept the sleep of the good sailor and the Western Woman got through the night without confessing herself beaten. But next morning it took her an hour to dress, and when she finally appeared on deck the steamer was just mooring outside the little harbor of Candia, and a score of row-boats manned by sturdy oarsmen were racing toward the vessel to secure the patronage of disembarking passengers. The Sage was listlessly leaning over the rail looking toward the town, while the Scholar indicated the

points of interest which his keen eyes had discovered.

“There she is, there’s Candia all right,” he cried, “and look at the little minarets sticking up above the town! That’s due to the Turkish element, you know, for the Turks got the island in the seventeenth century and a lot of Mohammedans still live here. But the Venetians built the fortifications before that, and good and strong they were and are to this day. That’s a part of the Venetian city wall there along the water’s edge and it goes all around the town. And that’s a good little fort that we have to pass by when we row into the harbor. And what’s that hill jutting up beyond the town? Can it be—yes, it *must* be Mount Juktas, the burial place of Zeus!”

But the Sage was not listening and turned a dismal face to the Western Woman as she wished him good morning. He had rendered tribute to Neptune several times during the night and was now suffering the pangs of the utterly empty. But he brightened as the

Coffee Angel offered him a cup of hot coffee, and it was quite a cheerful party which descended into the rowboat. The little trip from steamer to shore, however, with the hot sun beating down, proved too much for the philosophy of the Western Woman, who ignominiously reclined with her head over the rail and joined the Sage's lodge! She paid no attention to the Scholar, who was admiring the Venetian fortifications as the boat passed through the narrow opening, but within the harbor the water was tranquil and she looked respectfully at the lion of Saint Mark high up in the fortress wall and felt quite steady as the boat drew up to the landing.

The customs examination consisted in a careless glance at the outside of the shabby knapsacks, so the dozen oranges which the Scholar had bought in Athens were not discovered and the officer, not understanding English, did not know that the Sage's remark about "carrying coals to Newcastle" was evoked by the great hampers of the golden

balls awaiting loading for export. However, the customs house in itself was ordeal enough, with its dirt and its slaughter-house odors, and gave a rather depressing first impression of Candia.

IV

It was but a short walk up the main street to the very modern post office and the Hotel Knossos across from it. Though at most Greek hotels the chambermaids are men, here the Four found a motherly old woman, who on first acquaintance tenderly embraced the Coffee Angel and addressed the Western Woman as "my child" (*παιδί μου*). "O," whispered the Western Woman, who had read a little Homer, "what a perfectly lovely old Eurykleia! And see, she's hanging my cloak *on a peg!*" And she pointed to a shiny American clothes-tree in the corner fairly bristling with inviting pegs.

There was still time before lunch for a short visit to the museum, but the ladies declared

they would rather stay with "Eurykleia," and the Western Woman essayed to send her for hot water to be used for coffee. For a moment the old woman looked bewildered, then her face cleared and she trotted off and the Western Woman turned to find the Scholar convulsed with laughter. "What's the matter?" she demanded, "wasn't my Greek right?"

"Well, hardly," he gasped. "You said θέλομεν ξεστό νερό νὰ πίνω, which really means, '*We want polished water that I may drink!*' The old lady is doubtless used to foreigners who confuse the words for 'polished' and 'hot' (ζεστό), but I doubt if she's ever heard a woman say the whole party wants water for her to drink."

"Well, she's a polite old soul, anyway, for *she* didn't laugh," snapped the Western Woman, "and *we'll* drink the coffee while *you* go to the museum."

So the men set off alone. At the end of an hour they returned, the Scholar talking rather excitedly about a "ruby-lipped lady" he had

seen, while the Sage smiled indulgently at his boyishness. Nor could any questioning elicit information about the treasures in the museum. Apparently, the Scholar had seen only the “ruby-lipped lady.”

PART TWO

PART TWO

V

By unanimous consent the horseback trip across the island was to begin the next morning; but this first afternoon was too fine to be wasted, so a visit to Knossos was planned. The Western Woman listened awhile to the discussion and then flatly refused to be one of the party. "I don't care a bit for ruins," she said, candidly. "I live in Denver where we don't have them and I like modern up-to-date things. No grandmothers' samplers or mediæval castles for me, much less such a venerable antique as Knossos must be. Why, you say the building is three or four thousand years old! I can't imagine such a lapse of time, and it wouldn't do me any good to look at a lot of old stones, anyway. You folks may go, but I shall stay here and photograph some of these queer street scenes."

"But, my dear lady," expostulated the

Scholar, "the *ruins* may be old but the *discovery* of them is new! Why, the public didn't really know where this palace was, or that it existed at all, before nineteen hundred—a little more than ten years ago. I tell you it's an up-to-date twentieth century theme and you are behind the times if you don't know something about it! Even the American newspapers have given these new discoveries space! *I tell you, you'd better go!*"

"O, well," conceded the Western Woman, "if it's really a new subject, I'll go. What train do we take?"

The Scholar laughed, for there are neither street cars nor railroads in Crete, though one has a choice of several other methods of locomotion. The two-wheeled cart called "sousta" is a common sight and horseback riding is fashionable, though it presents some problems to the uninitiated. The saddle is like that commonly used by Greek peasants—a sort of "broad-backed saw-horse made of boards, anchored fore and aft," over which a rug may

be thrown to make it soft. But whereas in Greece the peasants—not only the women but often the men—ride sideways with both feet supported by the one rope, in Crete fashion seems to dictate two metal stirrups, one on either side, quite in European manner, and the men apparently prefer to ride cross-saddle. For the three-mile drive to Knossos there are also very comfortable carriages to be had, and the Four, mindful of the dreaded “fourteen hours in the saddle” which the morrow had in store, chose this means of conveyance.

The route took them along the main street to the principal square, where the Morosini fountain, with its sculptured lions supporting the upper basin and its carvings in low relief, still testifies to the Venetian glory that once was here and serves as a pleasant rendezvous for Cretan gentlemen of leisure. In the late afternoon a few trees provide a grateful shade and tables set out from an adjacent café invite the stroller to sip a cup of coffee while he dis-

cusses the day's happenings with a casual acquaintance.

On several later occasions the Four found this center of Candian civic life presenting an animated appearance, for Turkey had just closed the Dardanelles and the eagerness for war news ensured a full attendance at this *al fresco* club. On this day, however, the tables were almost empty, for it was as yet only two o'clock and the sun was beating quite fiercely on the white paving about the fountain. One old beau was just arriving and seemed nothing loth to leave on the camera a permanent impression of his picturesque costume. It consisted of high boots, baggy island trousers of some dark-blue stuff, with a tight-fitting jacket buttoned on one side, and a broad sash of the same material. A Turkish fez set on the top of his head and a woolen coat jauntily thrown over one shoulder completed the costume—the whole being adjusted with an eye to effect too often wanting in Greece. Indeed, the Cretans might be pardoned for some personal vanity,



A CRETAN GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE



MOROSINI FOUNTAIN

for the men are tall and well proportioned and have an air of prosperity and well-being which is in marked contrast to the rather painful evidences of poverty and malnutrition to be noticed on the mainland.

VI

To strike the road to Knossos one leaves the city by the south gate. Here the Venetian wall is so thick and the passage through it so gloomy that the timid stranger, not used to walled cities, experiences a chill of fear as he passes the grim Turkish-looking guards; and he heaves a sigh of relief when a sudden turn to the left reveals the bright sunshine of the outer world. The road is good and is constantly being worked, if one may judge from the steam rollers to be seen along its course. On the left side not far from the gate is a Turkish cemetery, with its queer turban-topped tombstones, and in the foreground was one little white lamb, looking strangely out of place in its Mohammedan surroundings.

"I wonder if that marks the grave of some American baby," said the Sage; "it's quite a favorite design in cemeteries at home. Dear, dear, what an awful tragedy that must have been!" But hereupon the lamb bobbed its head as it tugged at some obstreperous stem and then went on contentedly nibbling, undisturbed by the sad fate of the suppositional baby. The Four greeted it with a shout of laughter, their cheerfulness quite restored, for even a cemetery easily loses all suggestion of gloom in this landscape of waving grains and brilliant flowers. The Sage, who had devoted one summer of enforced leisure to botanizing in the Minnesota woods, kept a loving eye on the countless blossoms, exclaiming now and then when he spied some special favorite and once stopping the carriage to pick an orchid which was of a species unknown to him. The Coffee Angel too was somewhat of a botanist and shared his ecstasy over the delicate flower, though the Western Woman and the Scholar had to confess utter ignorance on the posy

question. But they all understood when, with a very tender look on his fine face, the Sage carefully laid the blossom in the little book which he carried in the inside pocket of his vest. The dear Sage! They sometimes wondered which he loved best, his flowers, or his wife, or his Greek! There seemed something sacred about all three, and he lapsed into a revery which his companions did not wish to disturb.

The driver, however, had no such scruples and, suddenly turning his horses to the east, drove a few yards away from the main road and then stopped with the laconic remark, "Knossos." The Four descended, but in some bewilderment, for the imposing ruins which they had expected to see nowhere loomed up against the horizon. Then, on a rather flat area, some low gray walls were seen, and straight ahead, at the end of a long narrow stone walk, the Scholar spied some massive steps and, with a whoop like an Indian war cry, hurdled the stone causeway, sprang im-

petuously up the steps, and stood at the top waving his cap and shouting to the others to "come on!" But the Sage was looking dreamily about as if recognizing old familiar scenes; the Coffee Angel was diligently consulting her Baedeker and trying to read it aloud to the Western Woman, who, lazily remarking that the Scholar had probably read up the whole literature, was lending but scant attention and was gazing at Mount Juktas dominating the horizon toward the south. She was a corpulent person, not much given to mental or physical exertion, and always content to accept the results of another's intellectual browsing. "I suppose," she began, as she reached the Scholar, who was fairly dancing with impatience, "that these are the front steps of this wonderful palace and that this stone way was the front sidewalk."

"No!" cried the Scholar, "that's exactly what they are *not!* *That's* the front door of the palace, right over there, and you see these steps have nothing to do with it."



THEATRAL AREA AT KNOSSOS



GRAND STAIRWAY AT PHÆSTOS

"But," queried the Western Woman, "where do these steps lead? They must have led somewhere some time."

"No," insisted the Scholar, "they never can have led anywhere. This is what they call the Theatral Area. You see, there are two flights. This set had eighteen or twenty steps and that other, with only five or six, joins this at right angles. And the people used to sit here to watch the games as they were played on this paved space at the foot of the steps."

"What games? Bullfights?" questioned the Western Woman.

"Well," explained the Scholar, "we don't know that the Minoans ever had real Spanish bullfights, but we do know that they had other games with bulls—vaulting and grappling—for the Sage and I saw the evidences in the museum."

"O," teased the Western Woman, "I supposed you saw only the ruby-lipped lady this morning—that's all you talked about."

The Scholar blushed and, with unnecessary

dignity, replied: "In the museum I saw a fresco which used to adorn a wall in this very palace. It's a picture of a bull, charging with full force, and a boy—a toreador—who has evidently turned a somersault over the bull's back and is just about to alight behind him, where a girl is standing holding out her hands. There's another girl standing in front ready to catch the bull's horns and vault as the boy has done. And in the museum I saw a bull's head done in hard plaster and painted—the head is dark-red and the horn a grayish blue. It's great! And it was found not far from where we are now—near the front entrance. And," with waxing enthusiasm, "in the museum there are two dandy little ivory figures, about a foot high, of toreadors, suspended by wires just as they probably were suspended over ivory bulls to make a mantle group for some Minoan living-room."

"But," objected the Western Woman, "spectators wouldn't have found these seats a safe place when a mad bull was plunging

around. They are too near the scene of action."

"O, well," said the Scholar, "they had other games besides bullfights. For in the museum there's a funnel-shaped stone vase from Hagia Triada—one of the towns we shall see, if that 'blood-curdling descent' doesn't finish us before we get there. Well, this is a slender vase and not more than a foot and a half high, but it shows that these Minoans indulged not only in bull-grappling but also in the sports of the prize ring. There are boxers on this vase, and they seem to understand the business all right. So this theater may have been used for boxing matches. Or who knows but that they had their grand balls here! King Minos and his ladies may have sat here in this corner where the royal box is supposed to have been, and the rest of the 'four hundred' probably looked on from these seats while the young folks danced on this paved area as the Greeks do now on the old threshing floors. They evidently liked to see dancing, for I saw in the museum a

mural painting from the queen's sitting room. (It's a room somewhere in this building—we'll have to hunt it up before we leave.) This fresco pictures some dancing girls, and one of them is—well, she's a dark-eyed, dimpled beauty, that's all. I like to imagine that one day, while old King Minos and his court were having a palace party here and 'fair-haired Ariadne' and some of her girl friends were dancing, Theseus came walking up that stone way, bringing from his ship the unfortunate Athenian youths and maidens to be devoured by the Minotaur. I can just imagine how Theseus felt when he saw Ariadne dancing here."

"Just as you felt when you saw the ruby-lipped lady," laughed the Western Woman.

"After we get back from that horseback trip I'll introduce you to the ruby-lipped lady," answered the Scholar. "But there's the guard and he's waiting to receive us at the front door, where distinguished guests used to enter in King Minos's time!"

VII

By this time the Four were again united and the Scholar began to question the guard. "He says," interpreted the Scholar, "that he's standing on the foundation of the guardhouse and that this was the only fortified entrance the palace had and that there never was a wall about the place. I asked him why, and he doesn't know, but that's easy to understand, for King Minos had a big fleet and it would have been difficult for enemies to land on his island, and a small guard could have quelled any local disturbance. What's he saying now? It's hard for me to understand him, for this is my first chance at the Cretan dialect and he pronounces the *k* like *tch*. O, I understand. He's talking about eleven pillars and says this was the north colonnade. And here are the pillars—or, rather, the stone bases of them, for the pillars were of wood and perished long ago when the palace burned. And he says that this passage and the rough steps we are coming to lead into the Central Court, but that

first we'd better climb over those stones and look at the bathroom. He says it's very beautiful, which makes me suspicious. Don't you remember the driver used those very words to describe the ramshackle old vehicle which took us to Sunium? Queer idea, to have a bath at the front door, wasn't it? Maybe it wasn't a bathroom after all!" And thus the Scholar rambled on, now questioning the guard and interpreting to the others, now interspersing comments of his own.

Meantime the Four had turned and had scrambled over the ruined walls to a spot perhaps forty paces west from the entrance and had found the so-called bath. It proved to be a small room below the general level, entered by a fine stone stairway which first followed the north wall and then, turning at right angles, continued along the western side of the room. The inner edge of the stairway was bordered by a low parapet of gypsum slabs terminating at the bottom in a queerly shaped block—a square slab with a disklike projection

on top. This the Scholar fell to examining very carefully, running his fingers over it in what the Western Woman called his Montessori method; and he explained that it was a pillar-base still in its original position, though the wooden pillar had long since perished. Then the guard pointed with evident pride to the finely squared limestone blocks of the wall where the workmanship had been exposed by the disintegration of the gypsum facing, and these stones too the Scholar affectionately caressed.

“Well,” said the Western Woman somewhat impatiently, “*I* can’t see any reason for so much enthusiasm. This looks to me like merely an aristocratic cellar, and too small at that, but I suppose I’ll be sorry later if I don’t use my camera.” And she pointed it down into the sunken room and got a picture of the gypsum-paved floor, the fine side-wall, part of the steps and the parapet with the pillar-base at the bottom, and the knees and the guidebook of the Coffee Angel, who had seated

herself on the parapet with her Baedeker spread open on her lap.

"I can't see," she continued as she wound off the film, "how they could have used a bath which had no outlet for the water." The Scholar looked a little bored—the Western Woman, though a well-meaning person, sometimes did annoy him—then he said: "You remind me of the New England woman who visited her Southern friends before the war. At breakfast the first morning waffles were served, two little black children running back and forth between dining room and outside kitchen bringing fresh relays of the smoking delicacy. 'I should think,' she observed, 'that it would save labor if you had your kitchen in the house. How many steps this running back and forth must cause!' 'Why,' said her host in some surprise, 'what would the little pickaninnies do then? We *must* have something to keep them busy.' You forget that King Minos didn't live in Denver, where you pay an untrained maid thirty dollars per month. He

had a legion of slaves at work in this palace, and one of their duties may have been to 'tote' water into this bath and to remove it after it had been used."

As they talked they had been slowly retracing their steps in the direction of the northern entrance, but now stopped to receive some information which the guard evidently considered important. The Scholar was puzzled and shook his head as he turned away. "I can't make it out. He calls this place next to the bath a porch and says it had little pictures on it."

"Little pictures," repeated the Sage as they walked on; "why, he must mean the miniature frescoes which created such a stir when they were discovered. Don't you remember how astonished people were to find such pictures in this ancient palace? They were evidently court ladies and would have made good illustrations for a modern fashion plate—all frills and furbelows and ruffles and tucks; no flowing gowns, such as we should expect, but elab-

orate décolleté dresses; no simple braids or coils of hair, but the fancy puffs and curls of the modern hairdresser. So that they look more like modern Parisians than ancient women as we have imagined them to be. And there were pictures of men also, and altogether we get quite a good idea of the appearance of these Minoan belles and their attendant squires."

By this time they had reached the long, stepped passage which led into the Central Court of the palace. On either side were remains of massive walls of limestone—not gypsum here, as this had been the fortified entrance.

"I read somewhere," said the Scholar, "that the North Bath, which we have just seen, was buried during the later years of the palace but that this entrance was always in use. So we are treading on stones which many feet have pressed. But what in the world is the Coffee Angel doing?"

She had been walking a little ahead of the

others and was now peering down into a deep, walled pit with a flight of wooden steps extending to the bottom. "I was thinking," she said, "how much I should like to have some of those lovely ferns, and I was wondering what kind of a place this is—whether it is a shaft left by the excavators to be filled up later or whether it belonged to the real Minoan palace."

"I'll ask the guard," said the Scholar, and, after a few minutes' conversation, reported: "He calls this a prison of Minos and says there are five or six of them. This must be where Minos kept his prisoners of war. Let's all go down and pretend we're captives and slaves being fattened to feed the Minotaur! Or maybe we might save our lives by becoming toreadors and amusing the populace!" "I think," interrupted the Sage, who had been testing the rickety steps, "that these are pretty flimsy steps and that some of us had better stay on top to pull up the unhappy captives in case they give way. The walls look very

smooth and it's twenty or thirty feet to the bottom."

"That's so," agreed the Scholar. "Well, I'm the lightest, so here goes!" And before anyone could stop him he had run lightly down and was standing in the dense growth of ferns at the bottom, reaching up his hands and pleading piteously, "Mercy on the poor captive, if it be but a bite of bread!" Then he began to pull up bunches of the coarse brake and reached a feathery cluster of maidenhair fern that grew from the side wall and was back again with an armful of the coveted green beauties which he presented with a flourish to the Coffee Angel.

A few steps more and they were in the Central Court of the palace, a noble paved area of twenty thousand square feet, its long diameter extending from north to south. If Minos cared to impress strangers with his wealth and power, this great space, open to the sky and surrounded by piles of masonry, must have contributed to the desired effect. A foreign

guest, coming from some less splendid life to King Minos's palace, must have been awed on suddenly emerging from the north corridor into this vast piazza. He must have seen courtiers strolling about and pages hurrying on errands and servants passing to and fro. And then, if he was granted an audience with King Minos, he must have been invited to pass down a flight of four broad steps into the shady portico before the royal audience chamber, there to wait till Minos was ready to receive him.

VIII

THIS royal suite is now protected by a modern roof, and the dim light within is a pleasant relief to eyes wearied by the incessant glare of the southern sun. Through the portico passed the Four and into the room beyond, a small apartment, where they saw an object which compelled a moment of awed reverence—the gypsum throne of King Minos, standing where it had stood for over three thousand

years! They were silent as they gazed, the Sage and the Scholar doubtless reviewing the historical associations, the Coffee Angel enjoying the beautiful lines, and the Western Woman trying to realize that the shadowy Minos of her high-school Vergil was an actual person and had sat in that chair. The Scholar, whom nothing could long subdue, was the first to recover. "Come," he cried gayly, "the Sage shall be King Minos and sit on the throne, and I'll be Theseus just come from Athens to slay the Minotaur! And the ladies may rest on this stone bench, running around the wall, where councilors used to sit, and the guard out there peeping through the door may represent the curious court ladies and gentlemen eager to hear my fate! The excavators think that this tank opposite the throne was the bath where guests could wash off the dust of travel and they have put up these wooden columns, which divide it from the throne room, to show how it must have looked in olden times. They say that this bath is a little different from that

other one we saw, for this was a real impluvium and the rain water could drop into it. I'll just run down the steps and see if there's any water there now. No, all dry," he rattled on as he came bounding up the steps, "and no way to let out the water that I can see. I suppose the slaves had to dip it out." Then, striking an attitude in front of the Sage, who had yielded to his whim and was seated on the royal throne, "Now, King Minos, do your worst! I am Theseus and I shall slay your Minotaur and make love to your daughter. But you'll have to treat me pretty well anyway, for, remember, I am the son of King Ægeus!"

But just then the Sage sprang from the chair in undignified haste. He had turned in time to see the Western Woman trying to photograph him as he occupied the royal throne! "No, no," he said hurriedly, "that would be desecration! There's a halo of myth and romance about this ancient throne which makes it a sacred thing!" And the Western

Woman had to be content with a picture of the empty chair.

It is a beautiful thing in itself, however, as it stands against the north wall, with its simple, graceful palmette back and the Gothic window lines of the lower part. The wall fresco at the left has been restored to give some idea of the appearance of the room in Minoan times when pictures of tranquil rivers flowing through grasses and reeds suggested refreshing vistas to dwellers in this dusty land. An aggressive design decorated the west wall, where winged dragons faced each other on either side of a door leading into a dark room. Here many a weary visitor probably enjoyed an afternoon siesta, but it does not answer to modern prophylactic ideas about sunshine and ventilation, and the Four voted it a gloomy resting place. They turned back to the audience chamber for a silent moment of farewell and made a lowly obeisance to the throne of Minos. Then, walking a little further south in the Central Court, they turned down some



THE THRONE

steps leading to the right and presently found themselves in the so-called pillar rooms.

IX

THESE, like most of the palace ruins, are open to the sky, but it is easy to trace the walls of two connecting rooms. In the center of each still stands a pillar of four huge gypsum blocks, each block showing a peculiar mark incised on its side.

“What do those scratches mean?” asked the Coffee Angel.

The Scholar laughed. “I’m afraid to say,” he replied, “for it sounds like such a fairy tale; but it’s a tempting theory. The mark, you see, looks like a double ax-head. Well, the Carian for that is *labrys*. Now, the double ax seems to have been a sacred emblem of Zeus. In the museum I saw bronze double axes from the cave of Dicte, the birthplace of Zeus. Also there’s a title of Zeus which plays a rôle in this theory—Labraunda. Evans puts these items

together and decides that this palace is the house of the *labrys*, that is, of the ax sacred to Zeus. And he connects this with the story that Minos had a 'labyrinth' for his Minotaur and concludes that 'labyrinth' is derived from *labrys*, and that this palace is nothing less than the world-famed abode of the savage beast; and that because the palace is so big and intricate, therefore the word 'labyrinth' has come to mean any mazelike structure. I confess that's pretty hard for me to swallow, and yet, why strain at a gnat, especially such a pleasing one? For the prosaic mind there's another explanation—that these are merely masons' marks to remind the workmen where the blocks were to be placed when the pillars were being built. This deprives the Minotaur of his palace home, but there's another place I'd rather have kept him anyway—a quarry which we may be able to visit on our horseback trip. Lots of people call that the labyrinth. But now the guard is saying that we must hurry on, that we've been here over an hour and

haven't seen a third of the place yet, and he wants to show us the great stairway."

X

THIS is on the opposite side of the Central Court and the Four crossed the great area and began to descend into the gloom. It is a noble flight of broad stone steps with a low balustrade surmounted by short, thick columns which "taper larger toward the top," said the Scholar. But the Western Woman insisted that they must be described as tapering toward the bottom, since they are smaller at the base.

"At any rate, here they stand," replied the Scholar, a little nettled, "these queer Minoan columns, just as the originals stood before the fierce conflagration, which destroyed the palace, had consumed them. You see, we've come down several flights and this corridor is a little lighter, for it is right next to the light-shaft which illuminated these lower rooms."

"I can't see why they dug so far down to

build these rooms," said the Western Woman.

"They didn't," answered the Scholar. "They had to build this way because the hill slopes so suddenly on the east side. The west half of the palace was two stories high, and here on the east they had to build on the hillside, so they made perhaps five stories, with the fourth story on a level with the Central Court, where we started down. These rooms were for the family, and they must have been much quieter than the ones around the Central Court."

"But weren't they gloomy, 'way down here?" went on the Western Woman.

"O, no," said the Scholar; "you see, this light-well has no wall around it, only pillars, so that it illuminates the stairway and corridor and one other room. And then comes another light-well with only pillars between it and that big room east of it. And that room is open on the south and east to a pillared portico which got the direct sunlight." And he stooped to feel of one of the stone bases which had supported a column of the portico.

"The men probably sat here," commented the Sage, "when the heat of the Central Court drove them to seek cooler quarters. It must have been delightful to rest here summer afternoons and enjoy the view over this little valley."

"Yes, these rooms belonged to the men," said the Scholar, "and the guard says that if we want to see the queen's apartments we must go through this crooked passage."

It led the Four first south a few steps, then abruptly west, then south again, meriting its nickname of the "dog's leg corridor," and ushered them into a space which had evidently been a long room divided by a transverse row of pillars. "This is where they found the dark-haired, dimpled beauty—not the 'ruby-lipped lady,' but the dancing girl I told you about," said the Scholar. "She and some other dancing maidens were in a fresco on the north wall of this room, and the effect must have been quite worthy of the royal ladies who used to gather here. Theirs was no life of

sadness and privation, judging from these quarters, full of beauty and color. There's a light-well on the east, you see, and another on the south, and there was a bright stucco surface to reflect the light into the room. And this stucco was no glaring, unadorned wall, but the excavators found fragments of different mural paintings and reliefs. I like best the one of these little dancers, with their delicate draperies of gay colors floating about them as they turn in the movements of the dance. But here, too, as well as in the room of the throne, were scenes suggestive of a quiet enjoyment of nature. One is a beautiful little marine which I saw in the museum—a bit of sea with fishes swimming and scattering the spray about. And there's a fragment of a gay plumaged bird—red, yellow, and blue feathers. O, they lived in luxury, these Minoan ladies, with their fine costumes and frescoed rooms and toilet conveniences. There's another bathroom here, and a fragment of the portable tub has been found. And



A BATH TUB

did you notice that terra-cotta tub we passed before we came in here?"

"Yes," said the Western Woman, dryly, "it's a close copy of my porcelain tub at home, and you expect me to believe that these Minoans used it more than three thousand years ago! You'll be telling me next that this palace was lighted with electricity!" And she stalked indignantly away.

And, indeed, her credulity had been severely tested, for in various parts of the palace the Four had run upon evidences of hydraulic and sanitary knowledge which seemed nothing short of marvelous. In one place was a great stone channel, lined with cement, which received the rain water conveyed from the roof in smaller channels, thus providing for a flushing of the drains. In another part they had found some of the terra-cotta pipes which connected various sections of the drainage system with the conduit. In fact, this elaborate system, combined with the slope of the hill, must have made the Minoan palace more sanitary

than many of the modern towns in Greece. All this the Western Woman had seen with wonder and had patiently tried to grasp, but the strain was making itself felt and she longed to escape from this atmosphere of remote antiquity. So it was with relief that she emerged from the royal rooms and stood alone under the blue sky. At her feet lay broken walls and fragments of stone, but her gaze swept past these to the Turkish country house nestling by the little stream in the valley and then followed the white road winding southward around the hill.

XI

It was a fair prospect and she could have enjoyed it longer had not her curiosity been roused by a modern structure which she soon noticed near her on the right. It was a crude stone hut of cheap construction, with a small window in the south end. She walked over and peered through the panes of glass. Within she saw a tiny room, not over five feet square,

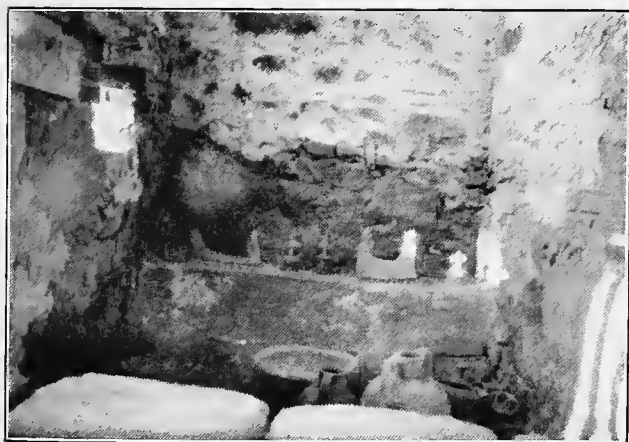
brightened at the far end by the sunlight which streamed through a tiny window in the west wall. The shaft of light struck full upon a grotesque little object and printed its weird shadow on the rough wall.

To the Western Woman it suggested the Indian idols of Denver curio stores, but she had never seen one so curiously fashioned. The figure was of clay, six or eight inches high, and the upper half seemed to be a rude representation of the human body with the arms curled round in front of the breast; but at the waist the human figure was merged into a cylinder which reminded one of an exaggerated hoop skirt. "Well, of all things!" ejaculated the Western Woman, with her face glued against the window pane. Then, as her eyes became accustomed to the gloom of the unlighted corners, she studied the arrangement of the little room. From wall to wall across the far end extended a sort of masonry table, or platform, perhaps two feet high, on one end of which stood the little figure which

had just caught her eye. Now she saw that it was not alone, but was one of a group. In the center of the platform stood two similar figures, but one had the arms raised and carried on its head a minute dove, while the other had the arms again curled over the breasts. These two central figures were flanked on either side by a stucco model of the "horns of consecration," and at one extremity of the platform came the figure in the sunlight balanced by another tiny idol at the other end. In front of this platform on a lower level stood a sort of three-legged plaster stool, with a slightly hollowed top. "A milking-stool, perhaps," said the Western Woman, aloud, and then was startled to hear a voice at her ear say, "Not at all. It's the tripod for offerings!" It was the Scholar who had tip-toed up behind her and had been peering over her shoulder into the little room while the others patiently waited their turn. "This is the little shrine which Evans was able to preserve intact—a chapel for family worship. The



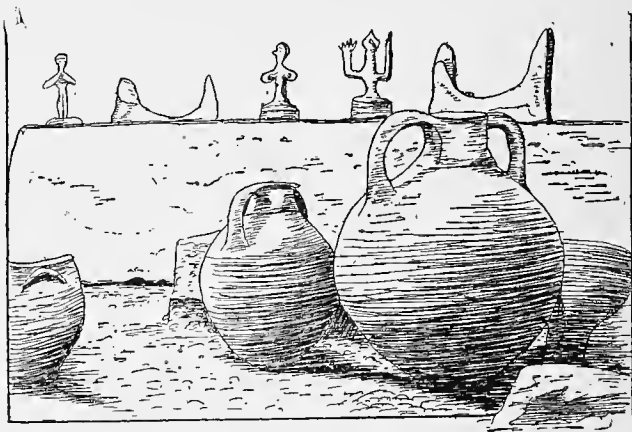
A CRETAN COUNTRY HOUSE



A LITTLE SHRINE

three-legged table was for the offerings and the clay figures represent a goddess and her votaresses. Probably the goddess is the one with the dove on her head indicating the descent of the divine Spirit, just as it descended on Christ after his baptism in the Jordan. They say that the Minoans worshiped this dove goddess as a divinity of the air, and that sometimes she was represented by sacred pillars surmounted by doves. At any rate, that's one explanation of a group of three tiny pillars I saw in the museum with little doves perched above the capitals. And a statue in the museum is identified by some authorities with this Cretan goddess, but in this phase they call her an earth goddess because she has snakes for her emblem. To tell the truth, the little statue makes me think of a snake-charmer in a circus. She has one snake in her hand and two are curled about her hips and one about the high tiara on her head. And then her costume seems too frivolous to be in keeping with a religious conception—a low-necked gown with

a fancy draped skirt, and a pinched-in waist very suggestive of a figure in a show window. Another figure found with her, apparently a votaress, brandishes a snake in one hand and wears a gay costume with a skirt flounced



CORNER OF SHRINE

from the waist down. As I say, to me they do not convey an impression of religion, yet with them was found a beautiful marble cross with arms of equal length which Evans thinks was the central object in the worship. It may be so—who knows?"

“The longer I look at these tiny images and this little room,” said the Sage, “the more convinced I am that the bathrooms we looked at are not bathrooms at all, but shrines like this. They are all small rooms, just large enough for such an altar as this and a tripod and two or three worshipers. Or maybe the king was the only one who entered here, as high priest, or the king attended by a priest. To me it is unthinkable that, in a palace where neither labor nor expense was spared and where we see evidences of profound engineering knowledge, such a simple thing as a drain pipe for the bathrooms should have been overlooked. Then, too, in a palace with hundreds of inhabitants representing so many strata of society, it must have been absolutely necessary to have several shrines for worship, especially as there is no evidence that the Minoans had any large temples. Their worship seems to have been quite a private matter and conducted for small groups. This shrine may have been for the royal family, where they could per-

form their devotions undisturbed by the presence of aliens. And the 'bath' of the Throne Room was probably a chapel used in connection with embassies or affairs of state which required the sanction of the gods, such as the ratification of a treaty. And the 'North Bath' may have been an oratory for the use of any chance comer who had been a spectator at the games or had had some errand at the palace."

"But why should some of these shrines be below the regular level?" asked the Scholar.

"Well, of course I don't know," admitted the Sage, "unless it was that the few spectators might have a good view of the ceremonies from above. It doesn't seem so strange after one has been in Rome and has looked down into the Confessional at Saint Peter's. But what are we to see next? Didn't some one suggest the Olive Press?"

"We might as well go back through the family quarters and get another glimpse of that big stairway, for, according to Baedeker,

the Olive Press is just north of the men's apartments on this slope of the hill," said the Scholar, for once deigning to consult the guide-book. "And we must hunt up the schoolroom too, though it isn't mentioned here. And we have the Villa to explore yet."

XII

THE Olive Press they would have passed unnoticed had not the guard pointed it out to them, "with actually the olive stones left in the crack!" exclaimed the Scholar, picking up a few of the pebblelike objects. "Of course I don't care to affirm under oath that this really is an olive press and these the original olive stones, but why not? Actual barley grains have been recovered from some Cretan jars long buried. And the catastrophe which overwhelmed this civilization came so suddenly that there was no putting the house in order. Olives were left in the press, oil and wine in the storerooms, gold in the coffers, tools in the

workrooms. In one room a sculptor had finished a magnificent stone vase, more than two feet high, decorated with exquisite spiral designs, and it was still awaiting removal from the workshop when Evans dug it up about ten years ago. And beside it was another which was never completed. And the king had to leave behind his wonderful enameled chess-board, though its gold and silver and crystal must have made it worth a pretty price. Maybe he did have time to hide it, for it evaded the greed of the conquerors, and the museum has it now."

"Whether these olive stones are ancient or modern," commented the Sage, "they make the oil industry of the palace seem very real. And if in these olden times olive oil was so popular a foodstuff as it is now throughout these countries, the servants must have had a steady job pressing out enough oil to supply the army of artisans and retainers who lived in the palace. Every arrangement seems to have been made for work on a large scale.

Here is a part of the stone channel which conducted the oil to the storehouse, and you see it ends in a stone spout. I suppose they caught the oil here in small vessels and emptied it into the big jars for storing."

Two of these great jars are still standing *in situ* just north of the Room of the Spout, and queer-looking objects they are too, with lots of little knobs and handles and a decoration of simulated ropes or cords showing how such terra-cotta hogsheads could be lifted. As a finishing touch the curious "trickle ornament" had been added, made by daubing a generous quantity of dark paint around the brim of the jar and allowing it to dribble down the sides. "I like that," declared the Western Woman, "for it's so realistic. I suppose they wanted to suggest that these jars were often filled so full that they slopped over, or maybe that the servants were careless in filling them. What a lot they must have held, anyway! About seven feet high," she added, standing by one of the jars and reaching up to its brim,

“and I can’t reach half way around it. Yes, it must have held a lot of oil.”

The Schoolroom, too, appealed to the practical mind of the Western Woman, and she waited patiently while the Scholar was getting his bearings. “There’s the stone bench all around the wall for the little urchins,” he explained after a moment’s inspection, “and this is the schoolmaster’s seat, and here are the two pillars that Evans tells about, hollowed at the top for the moist clay.”

“Moist clay? For what?” asked the Coffee Angel. “Was this a kindergarten?”

“No, it wasn’t a kindergarten. Wait till you go to the museum and see those clay tablets that have been found and that nobody can translate! That’s the kind of documents the Minoans used, and, of course, the youngsters had to learn to write. See here! This bowl is at the right height for a ‘grown-up,’ and that one is convenient for a child to reach. I can imagine a young Minoan hopeful walking up and digging his fingers into the moist clay and



A BIG JAR WITH TRICKLE ORNAMENT

pinching off enough to make a little clay tablet. And then what fun he must have had patting it into shape and scratching his letters on it! When I went to school I spent most of my time washing my slate, and that was lots more fun than to use paper and pens as school children do nowadays. But a clay tablet to pat and to squeeze and to scratch! That must have been bliss indeed!"

"But why are they keeping those tablets," inquired the Western Woman, "if no one can read them, and what's the use of them anyway?"

"Use!" fairly snorted the Scholar. "They're the most important discovery of the century! They support the evidence from seal stones and prove that these Minoans possessed a well-developed linear script long before the Phœnicians carried the alphabet to Greece. Through all these ages the Phœnicians have had the credit of being the inventors of European writing, but we know now that they simply passed the Minoan alphabet on in modi-

fied and convenient form. And some of these Minoan characters didn't need any modification at all, for we can see for ourselves that they are practically like some of the Greek letters. It's pretty hard on old Cadmus, who for so many centuries has been enjoying an inflated reputation as the inventor of the Greek alphabet; but it restores the Greek characters to their rightful position as direct lineal descendants of one of the oldest families in the literary world. We'll keep these clay tablets until somebody turns up a bilingual inscription and then we'll read them."

XIII

WHILE they talked the guard had been waiting at the top of some steps which the Scholar thought would lead to the Villa on the slope below the north entrance, and now all followed except the Coffee Angel. She had been getting tired and faint and had be-thought her of some sweet chocolate which she

had left in her jacket pocket, and what a welcome treat it would be for the others if she could quietly give them the slip, procure the chocolate and be back with it before her absence was noticed. So off she sped in the direction of the Theatral Area, where the wraps had been thrown down on arrival. She easily found her coat and the chocolate and started to return, leisurely munching as she went. Whether the sweet was too engrossing or something else bewildered her, certain it is that, in attempting a short-cut over some low walls, she lost her bearings and failed to discover the entrance to the Central Court, whence she could have passed again down the steps by the huge jars and on to the Royal Villa. Instead she found herself in a narrow gallery along which she walked some distance without discovering any outlet in the desired direction. She could tell by the sun that she was walking south and knew that she ought to be turning east, but the wall of the gallery was unbroken on that side. There were many

openings in the west wall, and finally she turned into one of these in the hope of thus finding some means of egress. But it proved to be only a long, blind alley leading off at right angles, with immense jars, similar to the two huge ones she had just seen near the Olive Spout, standing against its walls. She started to explore, paying no heed to her steps till a careless movement nearly precipitated her into a square hole in the pavement. Then she saw that all along the center of this narrow room were rectangular openings in the floor, and that she must walk circumspectly if she wished to avoid the great pits below. She came back to the long gallery and tried the next opening, only to find a similar narrow room, with similar pits in the floor and the big jars standing against the walls.

She must have explored six or seven of these blind alleys, each time returning baffled to the long gallery, and was beginning to feel rather nervous and panicky. The walls, standing higher than her head, cut her off from



STOREROOM AT KNOSSOS



STOREROOM AT KNOSSOS

the outside world; there was a solemn stillness all about her and she felt absolutely alone with the blue sky above, the ghostly jars around her, and the yawning pits at her feet. She had long since ceased to nibble the chocolate and was acknowledging to herself that she was frightened when she heard a loud shout and recognized the Sage's voice crying, "Here! Over here!" Awkwardly and after several attempts she climbed upon a projecting stone and from this vantage point, to her unutterable relief, she spied the Sage maintaining a precarious balance on a jagged wall.

"I got a little worried and came back for you," he explained as she finally reached him, "for if this is the prototype of all labyrinths, one might be excused for getting lost."

"I did get lost," confessed the Coffee Angel, "and I was in a part of this palace that the rest haven't seen. There are lots of long, narrow rooms and big stone jars and square holes in the floors."

"The storerooms, probably," said the Sage,

"I remember reading about them. We'll explore them all together by and by."

They had now reached the Villa and found the others standing in a large, high-walled room.

"This is the most important part of the Villa," explained the Scholar. "There used to be a throne here too. There are the fragments." And he pointed to one end of the room where a stone balustrade marked the edge of a raised platform.

"Looks like a church pulpit," remarked the Western Woman, whose father is a Methodist clergyman.

"The whole place does look like a church," agreed the Scholar. "Here are traces of two rows of pillars dividing it into a nave and side aisles. Perhaps it was an assembly hall, and that throne was for the presiding officer."

Here the guard interrupted with a few words which the Western Woman partly caught. "What's that he says about the sun?" she asked.



ASSEMBLY HALL IN VILLA

"That it's getting low, and that we'd better go back to the palace if we want to see the West Court and the storerooms before dark."

"*I've* seen the storerooms," laughed the Coffee Angel, "but I didn't find any West Court. Let's go back."

XIV

As they retraced their steps the Scholar called attention to the steep slope of the hill and how imposing the palace must have looked when viewed from the river side. "Some important finds were made on this east slope," he went on, "which take us back to Neolithic times—handmade pottery and stone axes and obsidian knives; and the deposit of such objects was so thick that Evans thinks this period lasted about seven thousand years."

"When did it begin and how can he tell?" questioned the Western Woman.

"He judges by the depths of the deposits and the development in pottery and imple-

ments. After he had sorted his finds a gradual evolution in style from bottom to top was seen. The total depth of all deposits was about thirty-six feet, and he estimates one thousand years to each yard of deposit. My personal opinion is that he has allowed far too much time for the early strata; but, if we adopt his reckoning, the first settlement goes back to about ten thousand B. C."

"Yes, but how does he know when this palace was built and when King Minos lived?"

"He doesn't know absolutely—only relatively. Possibly the name 'Minos' doesn't refer to an individual at all, but to a dynasty which lasted several generations. And the palace, before its final destruction, existed seven or eight hundred years, though it was destroyed, rebuilt, and remodeled within that time. Evans calls the period from the end of the Neolithic age to the destruction of the palace the age of Minos, and divides this into three main divisions which he names Early, Middle, and Late Minoan. Judging from the

depth and character of the deposits, he thinks the whole history of this palace falls within the time of the last two periods—that is, Middle and Late Minoan. And he has some system of equating Cretan chronology with the dynasties of Egypt, but just what it is I can't recall."

"I'm disappointed in you," said the Western Woman, severely. "I'm afraid I'll have to look that up for myself."

"Ho, ho," laughed the Sage, "that would be a pity, and quite unnecessary besides. I can straighten that out for you, for this equating of Cretan and Egyptian chronology was vividly impressed on my mind when I was in Oxford last fall. One day I strolled into the Ashmolean museum and, after passing through the lobby, as luck would have it, I turned to the right and mounted the grand stairway. At the top some Socratic monitor must have waved me aside from the room of paintings, for I passed on into the room at the right and walked straight up to a small case in the center. For a moment it seemed I must be dreaming!

But I wasn't! There it stood as plain as day—a beautiful polychrome vase of distinctly *Ægean* type surrounded by objects just as distinctly Egyptian. It made a striking contrast—the thin-walled vase of elegant shape and lovely colors in the midst of articles which in comparison seemed to take on a stolid expression. This many-hued vase is evidently a Cretan one and matches the pottery, found in great profusion, of the Middle Minoan period. How it came to Egypt we do not know. Possibly the importation of this fine Cretan ware was a regular phase of the flourishing commerce between the two countries, or it may have been a gift from Cretan to Egyptian royalty. However that may be, it was buried in a tomb at Abydos along with the Egyptian articles and remained undisturbed till a few years ago. The best feature of the find is that we can date the tomb at about the Twelfth Egyptian Dynasty; for in it there were two stone seals about an inch long which bear the names of two kings of that dynasty. In other

words, the Minoan civilization was producing this ware as early as the Twelfth Egyptian Dynasty."

"And what date was that?" persisted the Western Woman.

"Aye, there's the rub," said the Sage, "for scholars don't seem able to agree on dates in Egyptian history earlier than the Eighteenth Dynasty, which they place in the sixteenth century B. C. But whenever this Twelfth Dynasty must be dated, by that time Crete had come to the period of civilization which we call Middle Minoan. It was a time of national prosperity and building activity in Crete, when the beautiful Kamares pottery was manufactured in great profusion and the magnificent palaces were built. But life was not all a summer day, for there was a temporary eclipse here at Knossos, and the palace was destroyed by some hostile power. It was soon rebuilt, however, and most of the walls we now see belong to that later palace. I haven't yet answered your question as to the

time of this building, and all I can say is that scholars have provisionally assigned it to the Second Millennium B. C. and we must be content with this until more exact data are found. If Egyptian chronology should ever be straightened out, we should have a pretty definite scheme, for not only do we have this tomb group proving connection between Crete and Egypt in the Twelfth Dynasty, but as early as the First Dynasty there seems to have been an exchange of vases between the two peoples; and as late as the Eighteenth Dynasty tomb paintings give proof of the interplay of Cretan and Egyptian influences. However, for the present we must be satisfied with merely a sequence dating of the great Cretan periods and an equating with the periods of Egyptian history."

XV

THIS long speech of the Sage had brought the party back past the Olive Press and across the great Central Court to its southern end, where they realized that they were exploring

a totally new section of the palace. The guard first led them a few paces toward the southwest and then turned them abruptly north along a narrow passage, where a few words threw the Scholar into a spasm of excitement.

"The Cup-bearer, the Cup-bearer!" he shouted, racing back and forth and occasionally stopping to scrutinize the immense stone blocks. Then he went on more calmly: "That's the great treasure of the Candian museum, and this morning an artist came into the room and planted himself before this fresco and you ought to have heard him rave about it! He called it 'a vision of manly beauty' and 'a born aristocrat,' and then he confided to me that he'd been studying art twenty years in Europe, but that there was nothing in any museum superior to this Minoan youth. It was found on the wall of this corridor and was painted more than three thousand years ago, and the colors are perfectly preserved, though the shoulders and lower part of the legs have been lost. It is the picture of a dark-haired beard-

less man, tall, slender, graceful, and with clear-cut features shown in profile. He stands with head erect and shoulders thrown slightly back to counterbalance the weight of the vase which he carries—a funnel-shaped vessel of gold and silver. His only garment is a richly decorated loin cloth, but he wears bracelets and a girdle drawn so tight as to accentuate the slenderness of his proportions. This fresco has bequeathed its name to the gallery and it is called the Corridor of the Cup-bearer. You may see by the plan that it runs north and south and on a line with the long gallery of the Store-rooms. It wasn't originally designed to conduct visitors to the wine cellars of the palace, but now that the walls are down we can enter this way."

They had a merry time exploring the row of parallel rooms, exclaiming over the huge jars and the pits in the floor, all but the Coffee Angel, who retained an uncomfortable memory of her uncanny experience and so remained in the long gallery beside the guard. Occasion-

ally she could catch a word or two as the Scholar explained that here in the big jars were stored the palace supplies of oil and perhaps grain, while the pits in the floor, once lined with lead and lidded with stone slabs, may have been the coffers for gold and other treasures long since carried away by the despoilers.

“Now,” said the Scholar as they finally emerged from the long gallery, “we mustn’t forget the Corridor of the Procession. It’s named after a fresco too, which we saw in the museum—or, rather, a fragment of it, for only lower parts of the figures are preserved. The feet are all turned the same way, so they look as if they may have been walking in a procession. Here it is, parallel to the Corridor of the Cup-bearer, and it leads us into the great West Court, the trade center for the palace. This is the place where tillers of the soil and treaders of the press could present their grain and wine and olive oil as tribute or as merchandise. And if the Minoans were such bargain drivers as the modern Cretans, this great

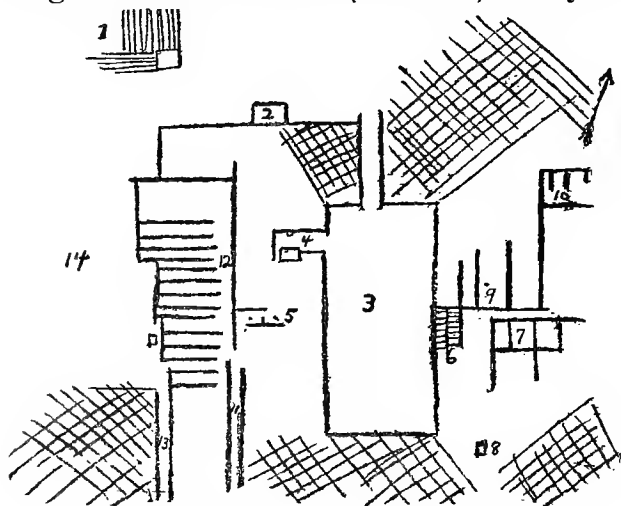
open market must have presented a lively scene in those days, though it looks lonely enough this afternoon. It's a good, quiet place to study the structure of the wall. See how immense the blocks are, and this projecting base may have been arranged as a seat for the tradespeople."

"Let's sit on it now," suggested the Coffee Angel, "while I study my plan, for I've made so many turns that I'm bewildered. There's a sunny nook in that second angle and the wall is high enough to keep the wind off the back of our necks."

"It is a bewildering mass of ruins," acknowledged the Scholar, "but the general features are not so complicated, after all. See here," he continued, tearing a sheet from his pocket notebook and commencing a rough sketch in pencil, "just imagine a square block of a building, like a large apartment house with a court in the center. The court is longer from north to south, and all around it the building seems to have two stories, though on the east, where

the domestic quarters were, we know it had more, to conform to the slope of the hill. Before we entered this Central Court we stopped at the Theatral Area (which I'll number one), then we saw the North Bath (number two), then we came through the narrow entrance way to the Central Court (three), and inspected the rooms on the west—the Throne Room (say that's number four), and the pillar rooms (five); then we went across the Central Court and down the great staircase (six), and through the family quarters (seven), and there's where the Western Woman got cross at the bathtub and stalked out to find the shrine—that's eight. Number nine is the olive press—if it *was* a press—and number ten the great jars; and my sheet isn't large enough to add the Villa, but it would be off to the north-east and I'll put in an arrow to point the way. Here's where the Coffee Angel left us to go back for the chocolate and got lost in the storerooms, but when we all came back from the Villa we came through the Corridor of the

Cup-bearer (eleven) and then into the long north-south corridor (twelve) with the storerooms branching off westward. And we came here by way of the Corridor of the Procession (thirteen) and now you are sitting facing the great Western Court (fourteen) with your



SKETCH PLAN OF KNOSSOS

back against the wall which separates it from the storerooms. If you would stand up you could peep over this wall into one of those narrow rooms in which you got lost. All the

rest of the palace I'll cross-hatch to indicate that we didn't explore these parts. It's not a beautiful sketch, but it has served its purpose if it clears up any confusion as to locations."

"What's this low block of masonry?" asked the Western Woman, pointing to a square platform in front of the Four.

"It's an altar," replied the Scholar with noticeable lack of enthusiasm, "but it looks enough like a table to remind me how famished I am! Only six o'clock," he went on, gloomily consulting his watch, "and the hotel dinner is at eight. O *why* didn't some one think to bring a lunch so that we could have supper in the palace of Minos?"

"We did," said the Coffee Angel, quietly. "I don't dare try to find the Theatral Area where we dropped our wraps for fear I'll get lost again, but we'll wait here while you get the things and then —"

But the Scholar was off like a shot, leaping over fallen blocks and ruined walls, and in a moment was back, one arm laden with wraps,

the other tenderly embracing a linen bag which he deposited carefully at the Coffee Angel's side. "That's the one!" he exclaimed happily; "that's what you carried in Thessaly! Why didn't I see that before?"

"I carried it under my coat so as to surprise you," answered the Coffee Angel. "You'll see that it contains your regular diet. Everything comes from Athens except the bread and that I bought at the Peiræus as we were walking to the boat. It's the first time I ever bought bread with the price-mark chalked on the crust!" And she pointed to some figures showing in glaring whiteness on the brown surface of the loaf.

"Forty-five," read the Scholar, "forty-five lepta and cheap at that for a hungry man! Think of such a lot of good yellow bread for nine cents!"

"We might use this altar for a table," suggested the Western Woman, but as the Sage protested that "they must not desecrate the shrines of the gods," the viands were tempt-

ingly arranged along the stone seat. It wasn't a luxurious feast, but there were a box of sardines, a bit of cheese, some Graham crackers, the inevitable sweet chocolate, and two oranges which the pockets of the Sage yielded. And when the Coffee Angel finally produced her thermos bottle and announced "Coffee," by a common impulse the Sage and the Scholar sprang to their feet, drew their aluminum cups from their pockets, clicked them together and tossed off an imaginary toast to "the Coffee Angel, the most popular lady in Crete." And they all sipped with leisurely enjoyment the precious amber fluid while they watched the sun slowly sinking behind the hill. Then the scraps were scrupulously collected and, with the sardine box, carefully buried under some loose stones beyond the precincts of the palace to be dug up by some future excavator, the guard said a smiling "good-by" as the Sage put a silver coin in his hand, and there followed the drive through the gathering dusk along the flower-scented road to the city.

At the hotel the Coffee Angel and the Western Woman were glad to surrender themselves to the tender ministrations of "Eurykleia," who relieved them of their dusty bundles, prepared the baths, and finally returned to tuck the mosquito nets securely about the beds and extinguish the candle. "She considers us irresponsible children and not to be trusted with a light," giggled the Western Woman. Then, rather irrelevantly, "Do you think the Scholar really saw so many frescoes and things in the museum this morning? He can't have been there more than an hour."

"Why, yes," answered the Coffee Angel, "he has been reading up on Crete for a long time and with that wonderful memory of his he knew just what to look for this morning. One can see a lot in an hour if one knows what there is to see."

"I wonder who the ruby-lipped lady is," mused the Western Woman. But the Coffee Angel had ceased to be responsive.

PART THREE

PART THREE

XVI

AT five the next morning they were aroused by a loud knocking on the door and the voice of the Scholar announcing that the horses would be ready in an hour. The Coffee Angel sprang for the matches and lighted her traveling lamp while the Western Woman quickly poured cold water over some ground coffee and set it on to boil. There ensued hurried dressing, reckless cramming of the two canvas bags, heroic swallowing of scalding coffee, and at five-thirty the ladies emerged ready to mount, the Western Woman laden with rugs and bags, the Coffee Angel carrying in each hand a mug of the hot coffee. "They're shaving mugs," she explained as the men joined them in the dining room, "but we hadn't any other cups in our room."

"Better American coffee in a shaving mug

than the Turkish stuff in a fine cup," said the Sage, gratefully.

But the Scholar was too evidently annoyed to appreciate his blessings. "I told these people last night," he scolded, "that we must have an omelette at half-past five. And when I came down there was no one stirring and I had to wake up the bell boy and set things going myself. The cook isn't to be found, so the boy has to make the omelette. Well, everybody in this country knows how to cook eggs, so we'll get something, but each minute of delay is serious, for this is our fourteen-hour ride if we don't make better time than the last party did. The guide is outside saddling the horses and it's maddening to be kept waiting. Yet we can't be too independent, for this is the last decent food we'll have till we get back here again."

"In that case," suggested the Sage, "we'd better make the best of this last chance. Here's bread on the table, and we might follow the custom of the Greek peasant and eat it dry.

If we Fletcherize, it will go down all right. And that reminds me," he went on, pocketing a large crust, "that my Greek friends in Athens warned me about this Cretan trip. They said that most foreigners are ill after it because they allow themselves to become too hungry and then eat too heartily. Their advice is to eat sparingly and often, so I shall keep a crust handy."

"Good idea," agreed the Scholar, thrusting a generous slice into his pocket, "and what a fortunate thing it is that residence in Greece divests one of any absurd prejudice about the care of foods! I'm fully aware that this slice of bread is now in contact with the lining of my pocket, my knife, my drinking cup, a few nails, and a piece of twine. Time was when such a thought would have disquieted me, but why let it 'spoil my heart's happiness'? Better far the comforting creed that any germ which cannot be seen with the naked eye is too small to do any harm! Ah! Here comes our sleepy Ganymede!"

Sleepy he certainly looked, and unkempt too, and the omelette bore the traces of an unskilled hand. But it was speedily dispatched, and even the bitter tea was gratefully accepted as an additional stimulant against the impending journey. Then there was a quick mounting, and at six-thirty the Four were off, following their guide at a slow trot through the streets just awakening to the life of a new day. The few spectators looked curiously at the little cavalcade, but the guide passed on through the west gate, quickening the pace as he struck the open road outside the city.

Then it was that the Western Woman began to wish she hadn't come. She could ride horseback. O, yes! But in Colorado there had always been the secure accoutrement of the cowboy saddle, and her experience on a Greek saddle had hitherto been restricted to the slow walk of a peasant's horse following a pedestrian guide. To find herself now perched on the back of the hardest trotter she had ever imagined, to be tossed back and forth and from

side to side in the capacious reaches of a big Greek saddle, to be doomed for three days to follow a guide who blithely cantered along on a mettlesome steed—the prospect struck terror to her soul. In desperation she lengthened first one stirrup, then the other, as she rode, and tried standing in them, but the tablelike expanse of the saddle was not amenable to this fashion and with the grim remark that a “bow-legged man *might* be able to do that” she sadly resigned herself to the short stirrups and the ceaseless pounding. Furtive glances to the rear revealed the Coffee Angel seated squarely athwart a gently ambling steed, her arms akimbo as she gripped the saddle at both ends, while the bridle hung loose and unused on the horse’s neck. Behind her rode the Scholar, a provoking picture of serene contentment, but the Sage was pitching and bouncing on an evil-eyed animal, and his compressed lips and flushed face indicated some nervousness. “He’s game, though,” thought the Western Woman, admiringly, and then she saw that the two

men were having an argument which resulted in an exchange of horses. "Ah! He's made the Sage take the better horse! Now the Scholar will do the pitching!" But he didn't! Instead he rode as carelessly and as easily as before, looking from side to side as the road led on between olive groves and tilled fields. "Of course that boy can ride anything!" sighed the Western Woman, enviously. "I'd forgotten that he used to be a Texas cowboy! 'Busting bronchos' was good training for this!" And then she found that she could tie a loop in her long bridle and hook it over one board of the saddle, and by holding this taut could ease the jolt. "Aha!" she exulted, "a good invention! That's what a college education does for a woman!" And she held on for dear life, even though the plaited leather soon began to blister her fingers.

It was a pleasant road meandering southward beside a dried-up water course, cooled by the long morning shadows, and the horses were making good time. "Four kilometers!" called

the Scholar as he noticed a marked stone by the road; and a little later, "Five kilometers! It won't be a fourteen-hour day at this rate, will it?"

But the others could only wave their hands in reply, for the guide kept them relentlessly on the move, pausing only if some complication arose with the horses, when he was instantly on the spot to adjust the difficulty. Now and then prosperous-looking peasants passed on their way to town and the guide returned their greeting politely but without tarrying.

"This fellow seems to be all business," remarked the Sage as they finally halted by a wayside watering trough. "We've always had to push our men in Greece, but we'll do well if we can keep up on this trip. I suppose he's hurrying us while the good road lasts."

"Think of getting a man like that for two francs a day—*forty cents!*" said the Scholar. "The hotel clerk recommended him, and when I found he had a fine letter from MacKenzie I decided to risk him. His name is Chrones

Bardakes, and I don't intend to forget it. He is so handsome that it's worth forty cents a day merely to look at him! The horses are cheap too—one dollar per day and that includes their feed. So the whole trip will be inexpensive."

Meanwhile the Coffee Angel had been fumbling in a bag tied to her saddle and now moved her horse near enough to the Sage to hand him a small package. "Lunch time," she said, briefly; "it's been two hours since breakfast, and the plan you outlined was to eat little and often."

But the horses had now finished drinking, and the guide was mounted, so they took merely a Graham cracker apiece to be nibbled as they rode. There was brisk riding again except for a short distance where the guide abandoned the beaten track to follow a rough trail to an insignificant village, a ghostly little town lying silent and asleep under the glare of the mounting sun. But at the first clang of the horses' hoofs on the cobblestone paving

the inhabitants popped badgerlike out of their hiding places and watched with eager interest the passing of the Four.

Soon they were following a beautiful little stream—the *Platyperamas*—on one side of which olive groves and fresh green fields sloped gently up to a white city set on a hill. They were loth to cross the picturesque bridge, mirrored so clearly in the shallow pools, for it turned them abruptly away from this friendly landscape to a less genial region, where the horses settled down to slow plodding up steep grades and the riders gazed on a treeless district baking under the fierce rays of the sun, now soaring high in the heavens.

The scenery was more varied again after the Four struck the highway winding along the hillside above a verdant valley—a road too new for rapid travel and in sections rendered muddy by the seepage from wayside springs not yet controlled. “These Cretans are pathetically ambitious,” said the Scholar. “It’s really a great undertaking to build a broad road like

this clear across the island. Too bad that they've had to stop operations because of lack of funds! I've been told that Crete would be very prosperous if it only had a real government, for its natural resources are well worth developing. But they can't get the capital because foreigners won't risk investments under such unsettled conditions."

"If Crete ever belongs to Greece, that will be changed," prophesied the Sage, "and if Venezelos carries the election for the office of prime minister, Crete will go to Greece sooner or later. It's bound to come! Crete wants Greece and Greece wants Crete, and the right man in power will bring it about."

He stopped as the Western Woman gave an amused little laugh and she hastened to explain: "I wasn't laughing at you! But the Greek family with whom I board has a funny little maid about eight years old who has been very much excited over the election. She's a little waif from Mani in the Peloponnesus, that cradle of red-hot patriots, and when I saw her

wearing a button which bore the picture of another candidate—I don't remember whom, but, at any rate, not Venezelos—I asked her solemnly why she was not a supporter of the popular Cretan. She's about as big as a sparrow and it was funny to hear her twitter excitedly in her queer dialect, speaking very fast and shaking her little finger at me to enforce her words; but I could understand only one sentence which she reiterated again and again: 'Venezelos is a bad man and will give Crete to England!' ”

“That's a good one!” laughed the Scholar, “Venezelos give Crete to England! The child must have heard it said somewhere, but he'll never give anything to anybody! He's a fiery patriot if there ever was one!”

But now the guide was dismounting by a group of little huts at the left of the road and was tying his horse to the rack.

“What in the world!” sputtered the Scholar. “Is he like all the other guides and can't pass a wayside café without his glass of wine? By

George! He says this is Hagia Varvara, the regular noon stopping place, and it's only eleven o'clock! We're beating the Baedeker schedule all right, for that allows five hours from Candia to this place. We'd not call it breakneck speed in Texas—seventeen miles in four hours and a half—but we're evidently doing better than the average tourists. Just peep through the door and see how you like the prospect of lunch in that place—dirt floor and rickety tables! We can probably get eggs, though, and oranges—they will be clean inside, anyway!”

“Let's not go in,” protested the Coffee Angel. “Why can't we find a picnic spot on the bank of this pretty little stream? There's no place on this side, but if we can cross, there's that fine old olive tree in the field and we can watch the café and come back as soon as the guide wants to start.”

“Great!” agreed the Scholar, “and there are some stepping-stones!”

“And here's our lunch,” said the Coffee

Angel, "the same old things—bread, sardines, cheese, and oranges—but they will do."

And they left the handsome guide to enjoy the luxury of the tavern and to wonder at the never-ending vagaries of the foreign tourist with his unreasonable aversion to vermin-infected interiors and his inexplicable partiality for streams and fields.

XVII

PUNCTUALITY seemed to be a corner stone in Bardakes's character, for at twelve he had his party again in the saddle headed for the barren ridge, which marked the highest point in their route. Uphill and sometimes downhill they rode through a desolate region which showed little of interest till suddenly they seemed to be on the top of the world looking down over the brim at the rich Messara plain stretching away to the dim waters of the sea. On their right was a desolate undulating highland tract with snow-capped Ida looming be-

yond like a huge crested wave advancing upon a sullen ocean.

It seemed an unfriendly region in contrast with the fertile plain, and the Four gladly commenced the steep descent. An old Turkish road in ruined condition winds downward for some distance and its loose cobblestones make careful riding necessary, so the horses were allowed to pick their way. The guide did presently try to push on in order to pass a pack-mule followed by a walking attendant, but the Four were too timid to second his efforts and unfortunately allowed the laden animal to enter a narrow defile before them. Bardakes did not show any irritation, but he must have chafed inwardly, for the gorge was too narrow to admit of passing and the painstaking beast of burden dictated a snail's pace to the impatient riders.

"I wonder where that 'blood-curdling descent' comes in," said the Western Woman, availing herself of the opportunity to talk. "I'd like to get that done before dark."

"This is it," announced the Scholar, "for there's the plain just ahead and we don't have to go down much farther."

"But I don't see anything 'blood-curdling' about this," argued the Western Woman. "It's been steep, of course, but there hasn't been a single place where one could fall over a precipice, and it's safe enough if you give the horses their time."

"Well, this is it, anyway, and we've done it without knowing it," insisted the Scholar, "and the guide says that it's only half an hour to Hagii Deka, where we stop for the night."

"But it's only half-past one now," said the Sage, "and the last party reached Hagii Deka after dark."

"Maybe they got off the road, or perhaps their guide was not efficient, and, too, they were caught in a rain. We've had everything in our favor—luck, guide, weather, horses—so we've done just a little better than the average. In fact, it's too good to last, and I'm thinking of hunting up a church and

burning a few candles before the images of some Greek saints to avert the envy of the gods. There must be churches in Hagii Deka, because it's quite a town, and a Greek bishop has his residence here."

"Wasn't it in this place that the last party had to sleep on the floor, all in one room?" asked the Coffee Angel.

"Yes," answered the Scholar, "but it will be mighty queer if a good-sized town can't provide more than one room. We'll hunt till we find another."

But now the walls of the gorge had widened out, the faithful mule could be left behind, and the Four, trotting bravely along the level road, entered Hagii Deka with a spirited mien which greatly belied their muscular fatigue. Through the narrow, ill-paved streets Bardakes led the way till he reached the home of old Manoli Iliakis, the quondam friend and host of many a noted worker in Cretan archæological fields. He himself was not immediately in evidence, but as the Four clattered into the high-walled

courtyard his son appeared to do the honors—a tall, bearded man of erect carriage and a gentle dignity that at once inspired confidence. He greeted the Four courteously and, in response to the Scholar's inquiry for lodging, turned to lead the way up a flight of steps in one corner of the courtyard.

The Western Woman was so interested in the construction of the four lowest steps, made of ancient column remnants with cement extensions, that she delayed and reached the upper room only in time to see the Scholar pick up his hat, and, with a courteous bow, start for the door.

"Come," he said, "it seems that there is only the one room, and I've told him we must go elsewhere, as we are determined to have two. I suppose this is the only real guest room in the village, as he says, but we have all afternoon before us and can find some kind of accommodations."

But the young Cretan did not seem pleased and explained that, though the room immedi-

ately below the guest room was usually occupied by the family, it would be available for the night.

"I was sure we could get it if we insisted," said the Scholar after the arrangement had been completed and the young Cretan had left the room. "You see, these people can't understand that queer prejudice we have against their way of crowding men, women, and children indiscriminately into one room. But I told him we'd be glad to pay for the extra trouble, so here we are all settled at two o'clock, with a whole afternoon to waste. Why shouldn't we see Gortyna to-day instead of to-morrow morning? It's only a mile or two to the ruins."

"Then let's walk," cried the Western Woman. "I've had enough riding for one day!"

And the alacrity with which the suggestion was adopted indicated that horseback exercise had temporarily lost its popularity as a recreation.

XVIII

So, after an hour's rest, during which old Iliakis paid a friendly visit to the Four and chatted with the Scholar while the Coffee Angel served scant rations of strong tea and nuts, they set out on foot with their young host as guide. He led them through fields and shady olive groves, past many a huge marble block lying neglected beside the path, left from some Greek or Roman monument, till the great stones of the temple appeared. The walls have fallen long ago, but the foundations remain, and show the peculiar proportions of the building, with its broad front and shallow depth. The Pythian god is again standing guard over his sacred building, and his flowing drapery and the hollow sockets of his eyes give him a ghostly aspect as he keeps his lonely vigil at this deserted shrine.

"I'm glad we didn't come this way after dark," said the Western Woman, as she mounted the heroön in front of the temple to photograph the statue. "It gives me an un-

canny feeling even in daytime to see him standing alone in this solitary place!"

"What a tale he could unfold, could he but speak to us!" said the Sage—"of Roman changes made in the ancient precinct, of neglect and decay and destruction and long oblivion while the shrine lay buried under masses of débris, and of final resurrection not many years ago. And now that he is again restored to the light of day, occasional pilgrims come in curiosity to visit the shrine where multitudes used to leave their offerings."

"It's a change all right," agreed the Scholar, "for this temple stood right in the center of things. The oldest inscriptions in the island, going back to the seventh century B. C., are on these blocks. I didn't have time to examine them carefully, but I did stop to look at a few letters and to note their primitive form. We'll soon come to the theater, and there we can see a very famous inscription—the law code of Gortyna. It isn't quite so old—fifth century, I believe it is—but is im-



STATUE OF APOLLO



TEMPLE OF APOLLO

mensely important as being the longest ancient Greek law code known. We're nearly there now, for here are the ruins of the Byzantine church dedicated to Saint Titus. Why Saint Titus, I wonder, anyway!"

"Don't you remember Saint Paul's Epistle to Titus?" asked the Sage, who was old-fashioned enough to teach a Sunday school class when in America.

"Can't say I do," confessed the Scholar. "What about it?"

"It was written to Titus when he was bishop in Crete, and as Gortyna was the capital of the island in those times, he probably made it his headquarters. There must have been a colony of Jews here, for Paul warns Titus against their subversive teachings. And as to the Cretans themselves, he quotes one of their own number as having said, 'The Cretians are always liars, evil beasts,' and adds for his own part, 'This witness is true.' And therefore he bids Titus 'rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith, not giving heed to Jewish

fables'; all of which would indicate that Titus, in establishing this outpost of Christianity, was fighting against tremendous odds—the old religion of Apollo, the teachings of Judaism, and the instability of the Cretan character. So I'm rather glad that he has received some recognition on his old field of labor."

A few years ago this church could have been described as a shapeless mass of rubbish, for only the apse was standing, but the Cretans have undertaken to reconstruct it and are making good progress. As the Four passed, stone masons were busily at work chipping and smoothing the huge blocks to be used in the side walls, and when they next visit Crete they may be able to attend a service of the Greek Church in the restored edifice.

A moment more and they were in the midst of another busy scene where a group of Cretan peasants—men and women—armed with picks, spades, and wheelbarrows, were excavating a Roman theater. Several tiers of the stone seats are now visible and some square columns

defining a large curve, but their guide led straight past these to the far side and pointed into a deep trench along one side of which runs a massive curved wall showing five courses of huge stone blocks.

"It's the law code," the Scholar exclaimed, leaping into the trench and beginning to examine the symbols graven on the blocks, "the famous law code of Gortyna that I've always wanted to see ever since I first read about it. It was originally engraved on the wall of some circular building, and when the Romans built this theater they used the old blocks for the back retaining wall, setting them up in the original order so that the ancient regulations could still be read by every stroller. 'Ignorance of the law is no excuse' would certainly have been a just ruling in old Gortyna! Notice the Boustrophedon (*βουστροφηδόν*) style, every alternate line reading in the contrary direction, or backwards as it seems to us."

"What's it about?" asked the Western Woman.

“O, all sorts of things! It regulated many relations of human life—laid down the law about slaves who claim to be free or who say they belong to another master, about sale of property and inheritance of property, military service, and so forth. I can’t recall what these regulations were, except that I do remember that a daughter’s inheritance was half that of a son, and that an adopted son inherited as much as a daughter—that is, half as much as a real son.”

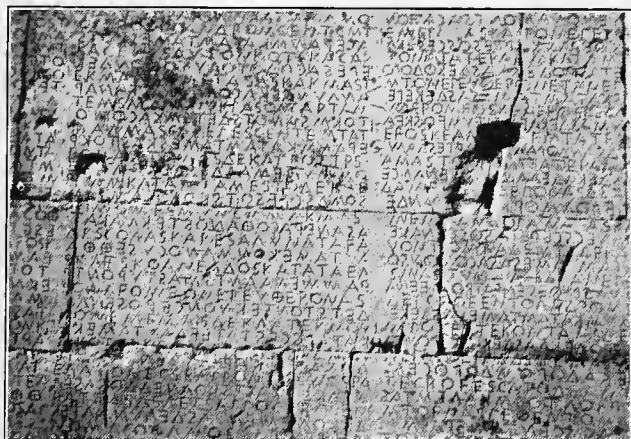
“I wish my Homer students could see these digammas,” said the Sage, “for they look so dazed when I talk to them about the influence of this lost letter.”

“Yes, and they’d know better what is meant by a ‘double consonant’ in Greek, for here the two sounds are written separately, no ξ , no ψ , but $\kappa\sigma$ and $\pi\sigma$. And though θ occurs frequently, we find simply κ and π for Attic χ and ϕ .”

“Our young host seems to be listening with a good deal of interest,” remarked the Coffee Angel. “Can he understand English?”



WALL CONTAINING PART OF LAW CODE



FRAGMENT OF THE LAW CODE

“Probably not,” answered the Scholar, “but he’s interested because his father helped Halbherr in 1884 when he discovered the code, and he’s very proud of the fact. Perhaps we shall get a glimpse of Halbherr at Hagia Triada, for I understand he’s conducting excavations there now. He’s been thirty years in Crete and is immensely popular with the natives. When he began to look for remains near Hagii Deka, with old Manoli as his guide, this was the bed of a stream flowing past the mill which Manoli partly owned. It occurred to him to divert the stream and search along its bed, and that’s how they found this wall. I believe that the owner of the land hereabouts made some objection to their method of procedure, so Halbherr couldn’t go farther just then, but he gave his data to Fabricius, who later continued the work. He learned that the bit of curved wall was a section of an encircling wall of one hundred feet diameter, the inscription running about thirty feet. You see how finely hewn these blocks are and that

they are still firm, though there are no clamps. Fabricius, by the way, is in Knossos now and stopping at our hotel. I saw him first in the museum yesterday, where he wrote his name in the visitors' book just before I registered."

"Is this all there is to see here?" asked the Western Woman, whose interest was evidently waning.

"No," said the Scholar. "I want to climb the Acropolis. This little stream, the Mitropoli, divides the old city into two parts. The temple and this theater and other buildings on the left side are only part of the ruins. On the right bank there's the Acropolis, at least—that little hill just across the stream, Bardakes says; and there are traces of another theater on its southeast slope."

"Well," sighed the Western Woman, "my muscles aren't steel even if yours are. For my part, I am content to adopt the Mark Twain method of sight-seeing and climb that hill through my agent."

It proved, in fact, that the Scholar was

alone in his yearning for an Acropolis to climb, so the others settled themselves in a shady nook on the bank of the stream whence they could lazily watch his upward progress and play with an old mother goat tethered nearby, presumably the parent of two precocious black kids which were playing hide and seek among the newly excavated seats of the theater.

The Scholar crossed the little stream on stepping-stones and toiled slowly up the steep hill opposite, growing smaller and smaller till he reached the top whence he called that he was on the site of the ancient Acropolis and indicated the location of the Roman theater on the slope below him. Suddenly he gave a wild shout and with arms outspread came leaping recklessly down the hill.

"That boy will break his neck yet," muttered the Sage, disapprovingly, but this time he arrived safe and sound, albeit somewhat flushed.

Then the Four strolled slowly back through the olive groves, a pleasant walk in the length-

ening shadows, and once more mounted the marble steps to the upper room.

Here the Western Woman was confronted with the duty of boiling water enough to fill the canteen for the next day's use, and her request for "hot water and a great deal of it" kept a pretty young Cretan woman, perhaps old Manoli's daughter or daughter-in-law, running up and down between her kitchen and the upper room. It may be that she had only a small brazier or other inadequate appliance for heating it, for each time she brought only about a pint with the assurance that she would soon have more. Several times she stopped to watch the Western Woman boil over again water which to her seemed hot enough for any purpose, and finally her curiosity could not be restrained and she asked, timidly, "Why do you cook the water?"

The Western Woman hesitated. Could she hurt the gentle, hospitable creature by telling her that the water was probably unfit to drink? And, anyway, could she make her understand

the tourist's dread of the typhoid fever specter which was constantly dogging his steps in Greek lands? Finally she said, gently: "It is always better to boil the water when one travels in a strange land. A change of water sometimes makes people ill." And the girl was satisfied and with a bright smile and a nod tripped willingly down the steps to fetch the next installment.

The canteen was filled at last, but the Coffee Angel superintended the boiling of one more quart, for the table had been set in the middle of the room and old Manoli himself was bringing up the supper, consisting of a fine omelette and a loaf of bread.

"I don't drink coffee at night," said the Sage, gently, as she started to fill his cup from a large brown mug.

"It isn't coffee; it's beef tea," she explained.

"Ah, that's another story! But where in the world did you get it?"

"It's quite a tale," answered the Coffee Angel. "I didn't know till I came abroad that

every American was involved in the packing-house scandals. I had never even realized that there were any, for I'm so used to discounting yellow journalism that I didn't take the newspaper scareheads seriously. But they evidently made an impression in Europe, for not seldom in England and in Germany, when I was introduced as an American, I was greeted with the remark, 'Ah, yes, that's where those awful packing houses are!' Now, to my mind New York has seemed far enough away from Chicago to make my connection with the matter rather remote, to say the least, but as I was buying my few provisions for this Cretan trip my eye fell on some jars bearing the sign of the much-maligned packers and I reflected that, since I was sharing the blame, I might as well enjoy the fruits thereof, and I invested in a jar of beef extract as a precaution against starvation. So here it is—only enough for tonight, and my knapsack will be the lighter to-morrow."

"It just reaches the spot!" was the Scholar's

comment, "and I've never known luxury before! Think of having an omelette, bread, and beef tea all at one meal, besides lukewarm boiled water to drink from a canteen! Won't American civilization seem tame after Crete?"

"We'd better not spend time in developing that theme," counseled the Sage, "for six o'clock comes early in the morning and that's when we are to start."

"Which means rise at five," suggested the Coffee Angel.

So the men descended to the room below, where they found iron beds, with comfortable springs and mattresses, and alas! so many vigorous fleas that their night was almost sleepless. The upper room contained no bed, but along one side wall ran a wooden seat about two feet wide, padded with hard straw cushions. Here the pretty young hostess spread the sheets for the women, and as soon as she left the Western Woman sprinkled all the bedding with insect powder and carefully crept under the covers. "Pretty hard bed,"

she announced, sneezing once or twice as an incautious movement sent a cloud of powder into the air, "but I've always been told that when a hard bed becomes unendurable it's time to get up."

PART FOUR

PART FOUR

XIX

“WE’RE the best early risers that ever lived,” remarked the Coffee Angel at five the next morning as she prepared the coffee. “Why are you scrubbing those eggs? Are you thinking of eating the shells?”

“No,” the Western Woman explained with a yawn, “but I got a half dozen last night from Manoli because I was afraid a regular breakfast might cause delay here, as it did at the hotel yesterday. I’m going to boil them in the coffee as we do on camping trips.” And she dropped them carefully into the coffee can.

At a quarter to six the bags had been packed, the bedding (carefully shaken free from insect powder out of consideration to the hostess—“though probably she wouldn’t think it such a disgrace as we do at home,” said the Coffee Angel) had been folded and laid in a corner, and the men were called to breakfast. The

bread had dried out during the night, the eggs, emerging from their coffee bath, were suggestive of unskilful Easter dyeing ("but that's not even shell-deep," said the Scholar, cracking one), and were boiled too hard ("but they're hot, anyway," said the Sage), and the coffee had to be swallowed without sugar or cream, but it was a pretty game party and no complaints were heard. Even when the mounting emphasized the general feeling of cracking joints, there was only a laugh and they started bravely after their guide.

He headed them toward the west, for the plan was to stop an hour at the old quarry near Ambelouzos, still considered the labyrinth of the Minotaur by many who are loth to accept Evans' theory in regard to the palace at Knossos. The Four had been advised to have a special guide for the cavern and a bargain had been struck with a little old Cretan who shall charitably be left nameless. A conscientious historian feels it his duty to record even the failures of his heroes, so it must be

sorrowfully set down that here the Scholar made the one grand mistake of his brief Cretan career. When the little old man approached him the preceding evening and explained that he must have a drachma to buy candles for the cave the money was cheerfully handed out and forgotten. But in the morning, though he appeared promptly at six o'clock to keep his appointment, it was evident soon after starting that something was wrong with the old man. He walked feebly and uncertainly, and when Bardakes, with a significant smile, reached down and, picking him up in his arms, set him behind him on his horse in spite of that animal's manifest objections to carrying double, it became clear that the Four had to do with an intoxicated guide. "Fool!" stormed the Scholar.

"Who?" innocently inquired the Coffee Angel.

"Myself! I might have known better last night than to give him a drachma! He's spent it on *ouzo*!"

“What’s *ouzo*?”

“It’s a powerful Greek wine. Ordinarily the Greeks drink the *retsinato*—a wine flavored with resin from the pine trees—which isn’t very strong; but *masticha* is stronger and makes them fighting mad, if they take too much; and *ouzo* is still more potent. Lucky that I gave him only one drachma and that he had to buy a few candles, for he’s had just enough to make him wabby. As a guide, he’s worthless, but Bardakes will probably manage some way. He’s hard to beat.”

He seemed to be thoroughly familiar with the route, for he led them without hesitation. The quarry lies high on a steep hillside, away from the traveled road, and the fair path which starts from Hagii Dekka soon resolves itself into a scarcely perceptible trail and then disappears altogether from the stranger’s eye as the grade becomes steeper. But under the sure guidance of Bardakes the horses picked their way zigzag up the steep ascent till the mouth of the quarry, a low opening in the

midst of horizontal layers of limestone rocks, came into view. Then all dismounted and made their way on foot to the entrance, Bardakes assisting the old Cretan, who was showing more and more the effects of his intoxication. Several curious peasants, who had spied the party from afar and had immediately abandoned their field work to investigate the foreigners, followed in their trail with the evident intention of accompanying them into the cavern. The Coffee Angel began to feel vague misgivings about brigandage and robbery in subterranean vaults, but the Scholar, as usual, knew no fear and plunged gayly through the shadowy opening.

For awhile the old man led securely enough, muttering to himself and stumbling occasionally. But at a place where many galleries diverged he showed signs of confusion as he tried first one passage and then another and at length led on in hesitating uncertainty. The Scholar kept discoursing about the enormous amount of building stone which had been re-

moved from the quarry, leaving the great rooms and galleries, from which one could gain an impression of the size of old Gortyna. And as he speculated on the ancient methods employed to convey the great blocks down the steep hillside he was too absorbed in his theories to note the vagaries of the tipsy guide. The Sage was engrossed in accommodating his six feet of height to the low places, occasionally stifling a groan as he doubled his rheumatic joints and suggesting more than once that it wasn't necessary to go much farther. The Western Woman kept her eye on Bardakes, who at first suavely, then with growing impatience, held frequent colloquies with the tottering old man, sometimes correcting his course and evidently himself knowing the quarry far better than this local authority. Finally, when Bardakes, after a prolonged argument, resorted to the drastic measure of collaring the old fellow and marching him in an opposite direction, she noted that he extinguished his candle. She quietly followed his example,

resolved to save her means of illumination as an emergency resource.

Meantime, Bardakes was sternly marching the old man along without pause, the Four following, and the Cretan peasants bringing up the rear. By this time the Coffee Angel's fear of the strangers had been replaced by a feeling of thankfulness that these able-bodied men were at hand to assist, should any occasion for help arise.

And now the Scholar, who had been peering around dark corners pretending to look for the fiery-breathed Minotaur, had at last become aware of the shortening of his candle. "Who's got an extra candle?" he asked. No one answered. "Well," he said, cheerfully, "I may have to burn my coat for a torch! I wonder how the Christians illuminated this place!"

"Christians," said the Western Woman, who often gave evidence of never having read any history; "what about them?"

"They lived here, five hundred of them," explained the Scholar, patiently, "during the

war ending in 1869. People from all these villages took refuge here from the Turks. They must have found this a gloomy dwelling and must have suffered from poor ventilation and lack of water. I've been told, though, that there was a spring in some part of the cavern, and of course it was such an immense place that they may not have been so badly off for good air, after all. There's quite a suction in these galleries, you see. Whew! I should say there was!" For a sudden gust had extinguished his light and the party was left in total darkness.

The Western Woman thankfully held fast her bit of candle and wondered why Bardakes didn't light his; but he merely kept the guide moving and they distinguished in the distance a faint glimmer as of a star gradually growing brighter.

"The light, the light!" cried the Coffee Angel with a note of relief in her voice, and all pressed eagerly forward to the opening. Once outside, the Four showed traces of their

exploit—the Scholar spotted with yellow candle grease which he had dribbled generously on his clothing, the Sage flushed from creeping through narrow passages, the Coffee Angel rather pale from fright, the corpulent Western Woman plastered with mud which she had scraped from walls and ceilings of passages too contracted to accommodate her bulk. Bardakes alone showed no signs of the fray, but, suave and well-groomed as ever, posed in front of the limestone entrance to be photographed with the little old man smiling feebly beside him. Then the tottering gray-beard was dismissed with his stipulated pay—"enough to supply him with *ouzo* for several days," the Scholar remarked—the peasants went back to their work, and the Four followed Bardakes as he struck unerringly across the fields to the highway.

XX

ON this level road, which follows the beautiful Lethæos flowing westward through the

plain, the horses trotted cheerfully along, though the Four would fain have tarried on the pleasant banks, shaded by oleanders and plane trees. They had planned to go on to Vori and then return to the palace at Phæstos, but when the guide suggested that they visit this site en route there was an enthusiastic affirmative. The day was fine, the horses fresh, and the Four alive with the spirit of adventure. The Sage especially gave evidence of high spirits, and once, when Bardakes turned sharply to the left and the pace was slackened while the horses splashed slowly through the sparkling waters of the stream, an explosive chuckle broke the sweet stillness of the summer air. The Sage straightened himself in the saddle and tried to look unconscious, but the Scholar mercilessly demanded the joke.

“I was thinking,” confessed the Sage, “what an *awful* trip this is—blue sky, beautiful stream, fine road, gentle horses, and an expert guide! Here I am as fresh as a daisy when I

expected to be half dead! And"—he paused a moment and looked embarrassed—"I suppose it's silly, but I've been wishing all morning that one of you would take my picture on this horse to send back to my wife. The last time I took a horseback trip was thirty-seven years ago, when I rode eighteen miles to court my girl. She'd like to have it, you see!"

Two cameras were instantly snapped at the Sage—to the displeasure of the horse, it seemed, for he chose this moment to throw his rider forward out of the saddle. The result was not exactly what the beast had expected, for the Sage landed astride the horse's head and bravely commenced the difficult task of shinnying backward up the smooth incline of the long neck. There was a moment's keen anxiety, but before the Scholar could render assistance the Sage had regained the saddle and was applauded with shouts of "Bravo!" from the others. "O!" lamented the Scholar when they had calmed down, "if I only had *that* picture to send to your wife!"

"I don't blame the poor beast for trying to rid himself of his load if we are to climb those heights," said the Sage, pointing to a chain of hills toward which Bardakes was leading.

"We don't climb the highest one," the Scholar assured him, "for the palace ruins are on the eastern spur. Halbherr did find remains on the two higher summits, but nothing so imposing as the lowest one yielded."

"Do we stay here as long as we did at Knossos?" asked the Western Woman.

"Probably not," the Sage comforted her, "for the ruins are not so extensive."

"No, and they are so similar to the ruins at Knossos," the Scholar added, "that they won't be so hard for us to understand. There's a great Central Court with its long diameter running north and south, just as at Knossos, and at one time there were apartments all around it. But the rooms on the southeast have slipped down the hill so we can only conjecture what may have been there. The essential parts of a Minoan palace seem to be

left. There's a West Court, as at Knossos, and a so-called Theatral Area with a flight of steps at the north end which may have served as seats. It's a one-sided theater, in any case, for there is no second row of steps joining these at right angles, as there is at Knossos, and the royal box is lacking. By the way, this is a stiff climb for the horses, so I'll walk a bit."

"Bardakes is dismounting just ahead," said the Sage, "so we must have arrived." And his conjecture was immediately verified by the magnificent panorama which burst upon their view.

Immediately below, on the eastern end of the ridge, a network of walls, still standing eight or ten feet high, revealed the plan of the great palace; while beyond and three hundred feet lower, stretched the fertile Messara plain with its checkerboard effect of brown and green patches.

"It's almost like looking into an unroofed city from a balloon, commented the Scholar as he started down the hill with a hop, skip,

and jump which landed him in the center of the Theatral Area. "Come one, come all! Seats are free, and the performance about to begin!" he shouted back in the manner of a professional "barker" as the others more cautiously picked their way down the rough slope. And he insisted on ushering them to seats on the flight of steps backed by the great wall of huge limestone blocks.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he continued, assuming a pompous mien and a stentorian voice which reëchoed through the deserted palace, "you are now seated in the Minoan theater looking down on the Western Court, and it will be your privilege to listen to a lecture on the various periods of Minoan architecture. For know, sweet friends, that the palace of Phæstos had a history similar to that of Knossos. Neolithic pottery has been found here and some early Minoan pottery; also remains of a palace which was built about the same time as the early palace at Knossos. Both were destroyed, both rebuilt, though



RUINS AT PHÆSTOS



STOREROOM AT PHÆSTOS

these vicissitudes seem to have taken place somewhat later on this site than at Knossos. Be that as it may, we find both later palaces flourishing contemporaneously in the period called Late Minoan II—about fifteen hundred B. C. Even in their modern history the two sites are similar, for while Evans was working at the excavating of Knossos, at the same time the Italian Halbherr was busily digging away in the young olive groves which then crowned this summit. The results of his stupendous labors you see before you—a great palace built on the ruins of the earlier structure—a monument, may it please your honors, where one may study with unparalleled advantage the various building periods in Minoan structures.” Here the Scholar, interrupted by wild applause from his audience, took the opportunity of mopping his perspiring brow, and then, with a deep bow, resumed: “In proof of this assertion I need only call your attention to the phenomena here displayed before your eyes. Not to mention the Neolithic walls

which were found in the deep pit at my right, nor the walls of cellars belonging to the early palace, you will observe, comrades, that the paved area where I now stand is some five feet lower than the level of the platform along this whole east side. This Theatral Area, ladies and gentlemen, belonged to the early palace, and was covered over by the later palace, which had its main apartments on the higher level. The general plan of this later palace you will easily grasp if you will lend me all your ears for a few moments of time. Immediately at the end of the great wall which is now screening your honorable backs, you will find a narrow stairway, leading to a higher level behind you. That, fellow citizens, was not the main entrance to the palace, but merely gave access to some upper rooms. Nor did the magnificent stairway at your left lead into the main section of the great building, but these great steps formed the imposing entrance to the hall of state which, as you can see, was on a level intermediate between those upper rooms and

the main body of the palace. Fellow countrymen, that stone stairway has been described as the finest example of domestic architecture in existence, and one writer asserts that no architect ever made such a flight of steps outside of Crete. This grand staircase is over forty-five feet wide, and embassies could have mounted it ten or twenty abreast and have been received in solid phalanx into the stately audience chamber. Methinks too that mayhap this great stairway fulfilled a double function and that it took the place of the second tier of seats which we found in the Knossian theater. To be sure, it is not contiguous to the tier which you are now occupying, but the great steps run at right angles to your seats, as did the second row of seats at Knossos, and would have formed no bad vantage point from which to enjoy either the ancient games or the present illuminating lecture."

But at this point the Western Woman interrupted with: "I don't believe these were theaters at all. I'd like to have this wall be-

hind us taken down and see what we could find. And even if there's nothing to be found now, I believe that these big stairways on both sites did lead into some parts of the palaces. How did you learn all this, anyway?"

"Madame," replied the Scholar, with a dignified bow, "all that I know and a great deal more you may read for yourself in the official reports of the excavations. For your use, however, I should recommend three recent books—one by Burrows, another by Baikie, and a choice little book by Mr. and Mrs. Hawes. I have read and enjoyed them all and have freely appropriated whatever pleased my errant fancy. But to resume. Having eliminated the small stairway and the great one in our search for the main entrance, let us now, my hearers, consider this long corridor leading east from my right hand. There's a huge square pillar in its center and my vision can pass beyond that into the great Central Court. But it was not thus in the palmy days of Cretan prosperity, for at that time this end

of the corridor was closed by a wall and access to it could be had only through a small door near a sentry box, in which a guard was stationed. In fact, this inclosed corridor was nothing more or less than the main artery of the storage department. Unlike the long gallery at Knossos, its trend is at right angles to the long diameter of the Central Court, and it has magazines branching out from both sides instead of merely on one side. The magazines, however, are not so numerous as at Knossos, so the Coffee Angel need have no fear of getting lost; and though there are some jars left standing in them, they are not so big as the greatest ones in the other palace."

"But how long is this suspense to last," interrupted the Western Woman impatiently, "and where *is* the entrance to the main part?"

"Madame," said the Scholar, "I was just on the point of remarking that the main entrance was this corridor parallel to the one of the storerooms, which will conduct us immediately to the Central Court and the rooms

surrounding it. And now, ladies and gentlemen, thanking you one and all for your kind attention, I profess myself ready to penetrate into the interior of this palace." And without deigning to notice the tumultuous applause evoked by his eloquence, the Scholar vaulted lightly upon the higher platform at his right and disappeared from view between the walls of the main corridor.

XXI

IN the Central Court the others found him talking with a strange Cretan guard, both of them looking away toward the north and swinging their arms in excited gestures. "Do you see that peak of Mount Ida that looks like a truncated cone?" the Scholar asked as the others came up. "Well, do you see that long horizontal patch of snow near the top edge? Then just below that, and a little toward the right end, do you see that dark spot? That's the entrance to the Kamares Cave—the cave where Mr. Myres found the beautiful

pottery which everybody calls Kamares ware from the place of its discovery. The Sage and I saw a lot of it in the museum. It's as thin as eggshells and the color designs are wonderful. Since its discovery by Mr. Myres it has been found on many other sites—at Knossos, here at Phæstos, in the Dictæan Cave, and so forth—but I suppose it will always go under the name of Kamares. By the way, didn't these people have a great view of Mount Ida! We may go up those steps at the left to the highest level and get even a finer view, but we'd better do our exploring first. The domestic quarters are on this same level—not down a big flight of steps, as at Knossos. That doorway in the north wall will take us to them.”

The Four must have spent half an hour in these rooms, finding them fairly intelligible because of many resemblances to the family quarters at Knossos, and were just retracing their way to the Central Court when the Scholar missed the Coffee Angel.

“She can't have lost herself in this place!”

he exclaimed, and then they saw her within the entrance to the Central Court bending over a large jar which stood against the north wall. "I didn't know you were interested in the old jars," said the Scholar, "and I wonder how old these are, anyway—they may have been standing right here for more than three thousand years." But the Coffee Angel merely looked mysterious and answered not at all. Suddenly the Scholar threw back his head and sniffed the air like a dog trying to recover a lost scent, then "Coffee!" he shouted and peered into the depths of the great jar. There sat the little traveling lamp, secure from drafts, and the coffee, just beginning to boil, was sending up its enticing aroma.

"But where did you get the water?" asked the Western Woman.

"From the guard," answered the Coffee Angel. "I showed him the empty coffee pot and the alcohol, and he understood right away and pulled a bottle of water out of his pocket and gave it to me. It was probably his day's

supply from home. And there was such a strong breeze that I had to look a long time to find a sheltered spot, and finally this idea struck me. You see, I chose a rather small jar so that I could reach to the bottom."

"Coffee Angel," cried the Scholar, sinking on one knee and clasping his hands in impassioned appeal, "when I grow up will you elope with me? My heart tells me that any woman who can serve coffee from a Minoan jar is my affinity! I read once of a woman who went about offering cups of fragrant tea to fagged victims of the modern strenuous life. She was called 'The Woman with a Teapot in her Soul,' and she seemed to me angelic. But, Coffee Angel, a woman with a *coffeepot* in her soul is my *ideal*!"

"Well," acquiesced the Coffee Angel, "I was fifty last month, and when you catch up to me, we'll elope. Meantime, you might find some suitable place for lunch, for the alcohol has burned out and the coffee is cooling."

"Easy enough," cried the Scholar, lightly

diverted from his love-making. "No rooms on the south or east, and we found no special attractions in the north rooms. Let's eat over here on the west side in the men's megaron. It may have been the king's audience chamber, like the Throne Room at Knossos, and we ought to drink our coffee where the official spirit of royalty still lingers."

"You don't tell us so much about the museum things found here as you did at Knossos," remarked the Western Woman after the pangs of hunger had been somewhat appeased.

"Because there isn't so much to tell," answered the Scholar. "Very little has been found here except the palace itself. They don't seem to have used fine frescoes for these palace walls, and the excavators discovered no royal gaming boards or ivory figurines here. The famous disk, however, atoned somewhat for disappointment in regard to artistic finds. That is in the Candian museum, and we must look at it when we get back, for it has an important bearing on the subject of early

writing. It is a clay disk about seven inches in diameter and on each side there is an inscription coiled around the center."

"Can we read that, or is it like the Knossian tablets, an unsolved mystery?" asked the Western Woman.

"A mystery, surely," said the Scholar, "though Evans sees a general resemblance to characters on Cretan sealstones—figures of animals and human beings and their utensils and arms; but though the resemblance is noticeable, some of the signs are new and he believes that the inscription isn't Cretan at all, but represents another civilization, perhaps a Lycian. He dates it not later than sixteen hundred B. C. and that makes it probably the earliest thing known of its kind. But here comes Bardakes to tell us it is time to start. It's two o'clock, and if we want to visit Hagia Triada before supper time, we must go right along. If you'll be getting mounted I'll be with you in a minute. I just want to walk around the broken walls on the south slope."

Perilously near the edge of some he walked, as the others could see from their lofty station by the horses while Bardakes was helping them mount. Once, as he was bending over to peer at something below on the steep hillside, he slipped and turned a couple of involuntary handsprings down the slope, finally landing on his feet, however, with his hat still on his head!

“It isn’t everyone who could do that without dislodging his hat,” he laughed as he scrambled up to a safe place. And then, pulling up huge bunches of the great daisies which crowded about the ancient walls, he came bounding up the hill and sprang into the saddle as Bardakes began to lead in the descent to the valley. Then came the prettiest part of the Cretan trip, the two miles along the course of the Lethæos—quite a considerable stream as it nears the western sea coast, its clear water gliding almost without a ripple over the clean, pebbly bed and its banks shaded by large trees. The rich fields on either side give an appear-



THE LETHÆOS



CHAPEL OF SAINT GEORGE

ance of thrift and plenty, while a lonely palm tree adds a tropical suggestion.

XXII

THE little Venetian chapel of Saint George, on the hill above the Italian excavations at Hagia Triada, is a conspicuous landmark for the tourist, and has, besides, some interesting old frescoes on its walls.

As the Four slowly forded the stream and rode on toward the hill, their first impression of the ruins was totally different from that gained at Knossos and Phæstos, for here they were confronted, as it were, by a cross section of the Villa which emphasized its arrangement on different terraces. A score or so of laborers were at work on the lowest level, digging and shoveling and carting, and women were clipping and pulling the weeds which persisted in the crevices of walls already cleared.

“That is one of the drawbacks of excavating in a tropical climate,” said the Scholar, point-

ing to the women bending over at their weeding. "Everything grows so fast that constant labor is required to keep the walls clear of grass and shrubs. I've been told that here at Hagia Triada at the end of the season the Italian mission gives the 'dig' over to the charge of the Cretans with the understanding that the guard shall keep the place clean. But one year when they returned to resume work they found a rank young forest flourishing on the site, and they had to clear this away before they could proceed with their excavations."

Here some words of Bardakes made the Scholar spring from his horse and in a moment he explained: "He wants us to see this beehive tomb. It is unroofed and nothing is left in it, but you can see the circular shape all right. And over yonder that depression in the ground is the place where the painted sarcophagus was found. You'll be able to see that in the museum. Its artistic merit is not great, but the paintings on it are interesting.

They depict scenes connected with the care of the dead which show undoubted Egyptian influence. Lots of really artistic things too have been found on this site. Besides the boxers' vase, which we talked about in connection with the bull fights, there is the beautiful little vase showing a wonderful decoration representing some kind of a procession. And the frescoes found here have been surpassed by none. I don't know much about the history of the Villa, but there seem to have been at least three periods—the first and third rather unimportant, but the second distinguished by handsome rooms and fine furnishings. Over yonder are two drainage canals right together at different levels, representing different periods in the life of the Villa; and if Dr. Halbherr were only here, he could tell us all about them, but one of the workmen says that he had to go home early to-day. However, I remember a little about these rooms below the chapel. This is evidently a megaron with its gypsum seat extending around the wall—an arrange-

ment similar to that of the Throne Room at Knossos—and this door to the left evidently leads to a sleeping apartment, windowless, apparently, like the one off the Throne Room. Bardakes calls this other room a kitchen. That flat slab in the center was probably the table, but I can't make out these great irregular stone objects. Stoves! He says they are stoves—three of them! Well, I can't understand the mechanism, but perhaps this stone trough was for removing the ashes, and probably the smoke came out into the room. I suppose they were heated thoroughly like the old-fashioned brick oven of our grandmothers' day, and then the coals were raked out and the bread laid on the hot stones to bake. But I'm only guessing, and I'm out of my depth, anyway, in the commissary department. I move that the ladies study out the culinary arrangements of the Minoans while the Sage and I take a swim in the River Lethæos. Isn't it in Carlyle's French Revolution that we read 'Oblivious Lethe flows not *above* ground'?

But it *does*—in Crete—and I propose a dip in the Stream of Forgetfulness!”

“If it will make me forget the fleas we slept with last night and those we shall probably sleep with to-night, I ask no more,” said the Sage.

“It will give surcease from all sorrow and a respite from pain,” promised the Scholar. “Hurrah for the Stream of Oblivion!” and the men departed as gleefully as two school-boys.

XXIII

AN hour later the Four were again mounted and splashing through the shallow waters of the stream, headed northeast for Vori, where they must seek quarters for the night. The village seemed far from attractive, for its main street was rough and dirty and served also as a conduit for the little stream which supplied the inhabitants with water. Into the inevitable courtyard and up the outside stairway the Four followed Bardakes and found, as at Hagii Deka, an upper room, comparatively

clean, with the usual hard-cushioned seat running around the walls. No lower room was to be had here for the bargaining, but opening off the large room was a small storeroom with a great heap of wheat in one corner and a wine-jar in another.

"The ladies want to sleep with the wheat and the wine," announced the Western Woman. "We had the hall of state last night and the men must have it to-night." And no amount of argument could move her. So a blanket was spread on the floor and the bedroom was ready for occupancy.

The silence that followed the completion of these simple arrangements was tinged with an indisputable air of depression, for the Four were experiencing the reaction incident on a day of excitement with short rations. It was their time of lowest ebb, and even the Scholar's face showed the unmistakable discouragement of a hungry man. But in a moment he rose and with a resolute shake of his shoulders said: "We'd better waste no more time. We must

find some place to get supper and then be back here before dark or we shall break our necks on these cobblestone streets."

But here the *deus ex machina* appeared in the shape of Bardakes introducing a bearded man with whom the Scholar talked a few minutes.

"He seems like a gentle sort of a fellow," commented the Scholar, "and he may be our only chance, so we'd better hold on to him. I can't exactly make it out, but he says he will have something for us to eat at eight o'clock and begs us to tell him what we should like. He seems very anxious to have us come."

"O, tell him to have anything but eggs," said the Western Woman. "Maybe he could give us some lamb."

"He says 'Certainly,' " reported the Scholar, "that he hasn't any lamb ready, but will kill one for us, and that he will come back at eight o'clock to escort us through the dark streets. So I told him to go ahead with the lamb."

"Don't you think you had better talk to him

a little more?" suggested the Sage as the stranger turned to go. "He doesn't seem to me like a restaurant keeper. There is something queer about this."

So the Scholar called him back and questioned him again. The others could not understand, of course, but they noted a change in the Scholar's manner and a dull red flush creeping over his face under the tan as the stranger finally bowed himself out.

"He is Dr. Halbherr's servant," he announced, rather sulkily, "and he brought an invitation from Dr. Halbherr to dine with him at eight o'clock! And I've sent back word for him to kill a lamb! Ye gods! What a break!" And the Scholar groaned—and groaned once again at the laughter of the others who refused to regard his mistake seriously. The Western Woman especially seemed to take the matter as a huge joke and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"It's all right," she said when she finally regained control of her voice; "Dr. Halbherr

doubtless has heard that there are tourists in town and has invited us to keep us from starving. And roast lamb will be a good thing to have 'no matter how it is come by,' especially as there is just enough alcohol to boil water for the canteen and we shall have to start without coffee to-morrow morning." But the Scholar still looked rather chagrined.

At eight o'clock the servant appeared carrying a lantern, as by this time the streets were very dark, and a five minutes' walk brought the Four to Dr. Halbherr's home. Here they were ushered at once into the large room where the table was spread. Dr. Halbherr himself, as well dressed and immaculate as if he had just stepped in from some Rue de Rivoli, soon put the Four at ease by his perfect courtesy, though they were somewhat conscious of their incongruous attire and travel-stained appearance. The conversation began in Greek, but only the Scholar could make any adequate response in that language. Then their host tried them in Italian; blank silence. Next in

French; the Coffee Angel feebly ventured on "Oui, monsieur," and then relapsed into exhausted embarrassment. It seemed doomed to be a silent meal. But at last Dr. Halbherr surprised them all by saying, "Perhaps you speak English?" And from then on they chatted easily, as the host related many witty stories about his thirty years' experiences in Crete, through the varied vicissitudes which that island has undergone in recent times.

And how the Four did eat! It was really a *civilized dinner*—soup and fish and chicken and lamb and salad and pie and coffee, and all so daintily served! There was one moment of embarrassment when the lamb appeared, but as Dr. Halbherr remarked with a sly twinkle in his eye, "You see, I received your message," all had a hearty laugh over the lamb episode and the Scholar's discomfiture. "I am never surprised by any answer which I receive to my invitations," said Dr. Halbherr, "for I never know just how they will be delivered. When I hear that foreigners have visited the

excavations, since I don't know in what language to address them, I always send this man to find their guide and tell them to take dinner with me. Some funny misunderstandings have arisen, but the important thing is to convince visitors that they need not go hungry to bed. It is really very difficult to get a meal in the town, especially as the water isn't very safe. You needn't fear to drink all you want of this—I send three miles to a safe spring for it, and I always urge my guests to drink plentifully, for it is a long day's ride back to Candia and no good water on the way.”

It is needless to say that the Four did full justice to the invitation, so that on their way back to their rooms the Sage expressed the fear that Dr. Halbherr would need to send a special carrier to the spring next day to replenish his supply.

This night the Sage and the Scholar could sleep in defiance of the fleas, for the Western Woman remembered to offer them her extra box of insect powder.

“This reminds me of a remark a great professor of Greek once made,” said the Sage as he accepted her courtesy; “I asked him if he knew Dörpfeld, and he replied, ‘Yes, I am quite well acquainted with him—not *well* acquainted, either, but—O, the kind of friendship which comes from lending one’s insect powder in Greece!’ So you have learned the proper method of making yourself popular in these lands!”

Next morning there was the usual early start, but this time with only Graham crackers for breakfast. Therefore the Four were not sorry when about ten o’clock Bardakes took them through a little village where he procured some alcohol and a dozen fresh eggs. Just beyond the town they stopped to make coffee in a deserted stone hut, where some curious peasants came up to watch the process. Apart from this, the day was an uneventful one of slow quiet progress toward Candia. The road chosen for the return was a few miles longer, but the Four now felt that there was no need

of haste and decreed that the horses should walk all day and the riders have a chance to enjoy the flowers and scenes along the way. Just at six o'clock they entered the principal street of Candia and in a few minutes drew rein before the Hotel Knossos. The servants there are evidently used to assisting fatigued travelers, for obsequious boys ran out with chairs and reached up to receive the riders into their arms. But with a superior smile Bardakes waved them away. By this time he knew his party, and seemed as pleased as a child to have them laugh and dismount so easily in full view of the curious spectators.

PART FIVE

PART FIVE

XXIV

A STEAMER was due to leave for Athens that night, but the Four had seen little of Candia, so they decided to wait till the next opportunity of leaving and meantime to explore the museum and the town, especially as the Scholar professed his readiness to reveal the mystery about the ruby-lipped lady who would surely be at the museum next morning if the Western Woman and the Coffee Angel wished to meet her. So they all accompanied him to visit his lady love, following him to the second floor of the museum and into the large room where are exhibited the greatest treasures from various Cretan sites. Without pause he marched them to the left and halted them before a fresco on the wall near the door. It is a painting, less than life size, representing the profile of a girl of rather piquant beauty,

dressed in a gown of some diaphanous material effectively trimmed with blue, black, and red stripes. Her great dark eye and bright red lips, the black curling hair drawn back from the forehead in a decided pompadour and falling in loose waves on the shoulders, the general effect of smartness and style, would make such a girl conspicuous anywhere. The effect of the apparition in the Candian museum is really startling, and the Four all yielded to the charm of her somewhat pert beauty till the Western Woman's curiosity recalled her to the object of their visit and she reminded the Scholar of his promise that they should meet the ruby-lipped lady. "*This* is the 'ruby-lipped lady,'" he replied, with a chuckle of delight that he had kept his secret so well. "Don't you admire her cherry lips? And see how she is smiling at me now! Just to think that she has been smiling like that more than three thousand years and I haven't been here to see her!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the Western Woman, with spinsterial venom, "she has had time to

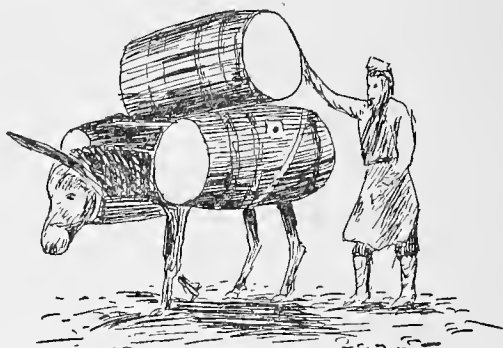
smile on thousands of other men in her long career!"

"Yes, but it is for me that she is waiting, I'm sure, on the shores of Acheron," persisted the Scholar, optimistically, "and I'd be willing to become a shade if I might catch a glimpse of the ruby-lipped lady in the realms of Dis!"

"Tut! tut!" interrupted the Sage, sharply, "don't be sacrilegious, my boy—at any rate, not until you get us out of Crete. And here is the fresco of the Cup-bearer that the ladies want to see, and all these other things that are new to them."

So the Scholar made the rounds, giving interesting data about the pottery and bronzes. The Western Woman listened awhile, but presently abandoned the others to their pursuit of knowledge and slipped out in search of photographic adventure. She found abundant material on every side. There were narrow business streets with tiny shops displaying bright garments and gaudy weaves under canvas awnings.

At one street corner she saw a cobbler sitting on the curbing while he comfortably plied his trade. In an open space nearby stood men and boys selling various products of the baker's trade, their wares piled on trays which they carried suspended in front of them by a strap



A PACK MULE IN CANDIA

or which rested on temporary stands—the venders much more interesting than their wares, for every conceivable combination of Cretan garments with cheap American clothing was to be seen in this group.

As in Athens, pedestrians sauntered nonchalantly along the narrow streets, confident



STREET SCENE IN CANDIA



STREET SCENE IN CANDIA

that the occasional vehicles would give them right of way. Much of the "packing" seemed to be done by patient little donkeys who plodded along almost concealed by their big loads of furniture, or building materials, or casks.

In a crowded downtown street some little girls, carrying their embroidery home from school, delightedly stood to be photographed, and in the Prince George Square a group of school children in charge of their master was going through some gymnastic drill in the open air.

The only well-dressed women whom the Western Woman encountered were invariably clad in black and wore black masks covering the face up to the eyes. These she met always in some secluded residence street, passing quickly along as if anxious to avoid observation and vanishing into some house whose latticed windows conveyed an impression of mystery. Sometimes, however, the residences had a sociable air, for second-story bay-win-

dows, built out on opposite sides of the very narrow street, nearly touched and provided every facility for gossiping without exertion.

Besides the finer mosques, here and there were older ones, picturesque in their dilapidation, with their minarets of various shapes and sizes.



AN OLD MOSQUE

On the beach the Western Woman watched the fishermen mending their great brown nets, hung up in parallel rows to dry. Later as she walked around the city wall at sunset, she had a distant view of the little harbor fort projecting far out into the water. Everywhere

she turned the Western Woman found something interesting to one who was having her first glimpse of the nearer East. She was sorry when on Wednesday the hotel clerk reported that two vessels bound for Athens would stop at Candia that day.

“One is a North German Lloyd steamer and one a Greek vessel,” the Scholar reported, “and we had better take the first one that arrives.” So the bags were packed and the Four held themselves in readiness to leave the hotel at a moment’s notice. Three times during that day was the warning given that a steamer was near and three times did the Scholar run to the museum to say yet one more farewell to the ruby-lipped lady. Finally at five o’clock the Greek vessel had actually arrived, the tickets were purchased, and the Four started to the dock, escorted by Bardakes, who had appeared at the proper time with an enormous bunch of roses which he presented to the ladies. He looked handsomer than ever, for in honor of the occasion he had

donned a shirt of light blue gingham, and its wide sleeves, hanging free against the dark blue of his sleeveless jacket, gave him a gala-day appearance.

"Our steamer is too narrow and too high for her length," chuckled the Scholar, gleefully, as the Four clambered on board, "and now I believe what they told me at the steamship office—that she is the worst boat that sails the seas. Just see how she rocks at anchor and the sea is as smooth as glass."

"You seem pleased over the prospect of a bad voyage," said the Western Woman. "Are you *never* seasick?"

"Never," replied the Scholar, cheerfully. "First-class passage is a waste of money for me. I'm sure I could go steerage without the slightest inconvenience. But we shall all have a chance to test our endurance this trip, for you can feel that there is a nasty ground swell under this oily surface and as soon as we get out from land the fun will begin."

The ladies said nothing, but the Coffee

Angel served coffee and sandwiches, making sure of a meal before the vessel should put out to sea. The Western Woman visited her stateroom, and finding that the water was splashing against the port holes, carried a blanket and pillow on deck with the thought that she might pass the night under the stars. A few minutes later she noticed the Scholar and the captain engaged in an excited altercation. "This fellow insists that some one has brought a blanket out of a stateroom," explained the Scholar, returning somewhat flushed from the encounter, "and I had to swear by all that is holy that it isn't true."

"But it is true," cried the Western Woman. "I passed the captain on the way up and he saw the blanket. Go tell him it is true."

So the Scholar delivered her message and came back smiling. "He is just like all these Greeks. When I deny it he tells me it isn't allowed; and now that I confess, he smiles and says: 'Certainly! Tell the lady to use whatever she likes!' That is discipline for you!"

Then, leaning over the rail as the boat steamed away from the city, the Scholar sadly murmured, "Farewell to the ruby-lipped lady! She has promised to wait for me till my return! And I shall carry her picture always next to my heart!" And he took from his notebook a slip of paper on which was a sketch of the Minoan beauty. "The American artist did that for me," he explained, "and I shall treasure it always." But his audience had dispersed. The Western Woman was already stretched out on the bench of the hatchway, the Sage was seated near her with his head resting on one of the hampers of oranges which covered the rear deck, the Coffee Angel leaned limply back in her steamer chair. "So soon!" ejaculated the Scholar.

"Yes, so soon!" snapped the Western Woman.

During all that night the steamer proved her right to the reputation of being the worst vessel on the sea. Other boats may pitch and toss, but the *Thessaly* simply got down and

wallowed! All the way from Crete to Athens she wallowed! The Western Woman, lying on the bench which runs athwart the deck, at one moment would be almost standing on her feet looking down at the waves directly below her, and the next, as the boat rocked and her feet went up, she would open her eyes upon the billows below her head. The hampers of oranges, at first securely lashed, became loosened during the night, and with each shifting of the level would slide against her bench and then away from it, till she got to expecting a dull thud against her head at regular intervals. The Sage and the Coffee Angel too succumbed, and during the whole night occupied two other of the hatchway benches, but the Scholar had a fine sleep in his berth and emerged in the morning as fresh as a June rose. It devolved upon him, as the only normal member of the party, to usher his limp companions into the rowboat and to conduct them safely to the Monastiraki station in Athens. As he put the Western Woman into a carriage and bowed to

say farewell, a slip of paper fell from his pocket. The Western Woman quietly picked it up and slipped it into her Baedeker. It was the sketch of the ruby-lipped lady which the Western Woman returned to him the next week—*after* she had photographed it.



THE RUBY-LIPPED LADY

